THE

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THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

DISTANT VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is very hard for Constantinople to live up to its reputation. It is the most extravagantly-praised city in the world. Even Naples must yield the palm in rhapsody of description to the famous city of the Golden Horn. The editor of Murray's exact and matter-of-fact hand-book on Turkey is not apt to indulge in poetic license. The following sentences will indicate his high appreciation of this stately and beautiful city:

"There is no lovelier scene on earth than that which opens up before the traveller as he approaches Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora. It is like a vision of paradise—so bright, so varied in outline, so rich in colour,

so gorgeous in architecture. On the left, washed by the waves, the quaint old battlements extend from the Seraglio Point to the Seven Towers, a distance of nearly four miles; and over them rise in picturesque confusion the terrace roofs, domes and minarets of Stamboul. To the right the white mansions, cemeteries, and cypress groves of Scutari run along the Asiatic shore eastward as far as the eye can see. In the centre is the opening of the Bosphorus, revealing a vista of matchless beauty, like one of the gorgeous pictures of Turner. The steamer glides on, sweeps rapidly round the Seraglio Point, and drops anchor in the Golden Horn. The view here is grander still, and more intensely interesting. On the south rise in succession, from the still waters of the inlet, the seven low hills of

HAMAL, TURKISH PORTER.

old Byzantium, crowned with domes and tapering minarets, and buttresses, with fantastic houses, and shattered walls—walls all broken now, but which in the age of archers and Greek fire so often baffled Goth and Bulgar, Persian and Osmanli.

"On the northern bank of the great 'Horn,' above the crowded buildings and Genoese tower of old Galata, appear the heights of Pera, gay and fresh with the new residences of European ambassadors. Nor is the scene less gay and animated on the water than on land. Huge ironclads, flying the red flag and crescent, lie at anchor within a cable-length of the Sultan's palace; passenger steamers from every country in Europe are ranged in double rows; corn ships from Odessa or the Danube lie side by side with graceful Greek feluccas and Turkish coasters; while hundreds of caiques,

gay and swift as dragon-flies, flit here and there with loads of gold-bedizened beys, or veiled women. There is no scene in the world like that around one in the Golden Horn."

I must confess, however, that my own first impressions were less glowing than those here indicated. It was on the early morning of May 2nd, 1892, that we stood on the deck of our good ship, *Daphne*, to get our first view of the far-famed Golden Horn. But unfortunately clouds and hovering mists clung like a veil over the scene. Soon, however, the veil became as thin and tenuous as the transparent *yashmack* in which the Turkish ladies delight, and the beauty of the city of the Sultan was revealed to

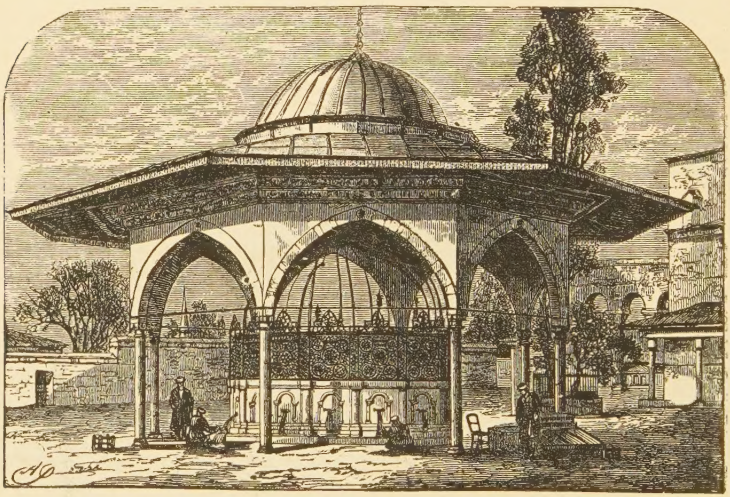
MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

our eyes. As we glided pass the grey towers and over the limpid waters, the sight was one of surpassing grandeur. I was continually haunted with the music of Wordsworth's line: "Earth has not ought to show more fair." The graceful lancelike minarets, the snowy domes, the dark-green foliage of the myriad cypress trees, and the more vivid verdure of the planes and palms, the crowd of shipping, the gilded caiques, the terraced slopes on either side, crowned with stately buildings, all made a picture of surpassing beauty.

Few cities in the world have such conflicting and stirring memories. The New Rome of Constantine, designed to eclipse the grandeur of the Mistress of the Tiber; the city of Theodosius and the Byzantine Emperors; the city of crusading heroes; the

outpost and bulwark for centuries against the Ottoman power, around whose walls waged the "long debate" of the Crescent and the Cross; the city, which after heroic defence, was deluged in its own blood; the city of the barbaric splendour of the Caliphate, of splendid pomp, of dark crime, of brooding mystery, lay before me.

It was rather a disenchantment to come down from these historic musings to the prosaic details of debarkation. We scrambled down the ship's side into one of the many crowding and crowded boats, and prepared to undergo the dreaded ordeal of the customs, for had we not a lot of Oriental curios, photos, and guide-books, often thought to be contraband? But to the credit of the Sultan's



FOUNTAIN OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

civil servants, be it said, not only was the proffered backsheesh declined, but with the greatest courtesy and promptness our valises were briefly examined and passed. We saw, however, a stack of confiscated contraband books, and also saw an officer examining very minutely a lot of Oriental photos, as though they contained something very treasonable.

It was quite a disillusion to make our way up the steep and stony streets of Galata, past dingy and dirty wooden houses to our hotel on the heights of Pera. Here we made the acquaintance of the ubiquitous *Hamal*, the sturdy Turkish porter, shown in the cut on page 420. With a sort of pack-saddle on their backs they will carry enormous loads up, and what is worse, down these narrow streets. I was continually haunted with a feeling of reproach for thus making a pack-animal of a human being.

Our Canadian party had made the acquaintance at Damascus of a number of bright post-graduate students of Berlin University, who were making an archæological tour through Palestine and the Levant, among them the Rev. Dr. Patton, of Chicago, Rev. W. F. Steel, of Denver, Rev. S. W. Brown, a graduate of Yale and Andover, and other enthusiastic sight-seers full of archæological enthusiasm.

Our first walk was across the new bridge over the Golden Horn—the crowded thoroughfare between Pera and Stamboul.* The extreme south-eastern point of Europe known as the Old Seraglio, with its gardens and palaces, covers an area of three miles in circuit. Its buildings have been erected at different eras, from the time of Mohamet II., according to the whims of princesses and sultanas. Here, in the times of the pomp and pride of the Caliphate, forty thousand oxen a year were consumed; and here in later times the fierce Janissaries exercised their turbulent control. It is now a vast aggregate of deserted palaces, the abodes of imperial widows and deposed wives.

We explored with greatest interest the imperial museum, with its priceless archæological treasures brought from many lands. Among these was a unique inscribed stone style or slab from the temple of Herod at Jerusalem, which stood in the temple court, whose rescript threatened death to all Gentile intruders within the sacred precincts. This must have often been seen by our Lord when He visited the temple. So careless was the Sublime Porte of these treasures that for fourteen years this monument of such unique interest was forgotten in a dark cellar and only by accident was re-discovered.

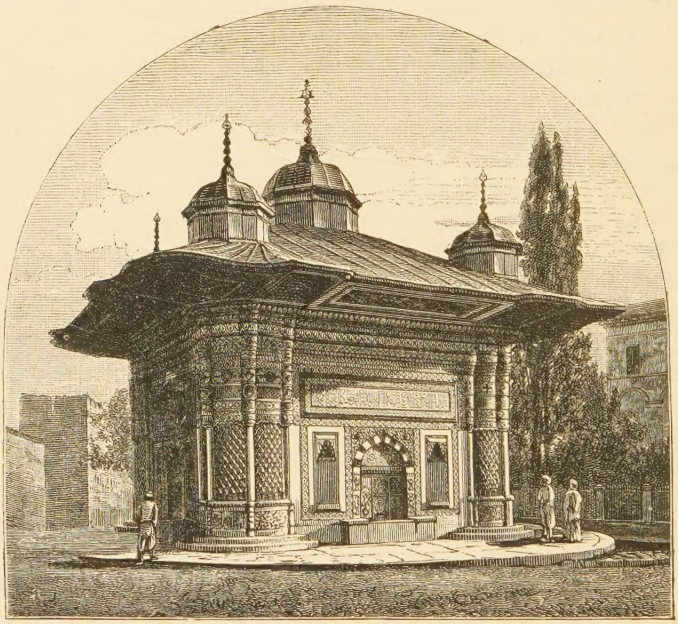
The most exquisite high-relief sculpture I ever saw, surpassing even that of the tomb of Maximilian at Innsbruck, was the so-called tomb of Alexander, probably made by Lysippus at the command of Alexander for his friend Clytus whom he had slain in a fit of passion. My notes of this are necessarily imperfect, because the custodian of the museum peremptorily interrupted all use of pencil or paper. I, therefore, condense from a Constantinople newspaper the following account by a tourist who had ampler opportunity than I of studying these exquisite sculptures:

"I have yet to speak of two glorious works of art, which are almost without rival in any part of the world. I mean the sarcophagi which were discovered some ten or twelve years ago at Sidon. The first alto-relief consists of a series of statuettes only just attached to the slabs of the sarco-

*"Stamboul": Turkish Istamboul, from the Greek εις την πολην; as they say in London, "the City."

phagus, though carved out of the same marble, representing a fight between the Greeks and the Persians, in which Alexander is taking part. Each separate figure is an exquisite work of art; colour has been used to tint the raiment of the Persian and the cloaks flung over the arms of the Greeks. The colours are brilliant and as fresh as the day they were put on. The tracery of the veins about the ankle and wrists is perfectly clear and lifelike.

"The other sarcophagus is even more beautiful, as it certainly is more affecting. The alto-relief represents eighteen figures of the same woman in different attitudes of grief. Nothing more pathetic is to be found in plastic art, and the pathos is deepened by the reflection that we can probably never know either the object of this beautiful memorial nor the story



FOUNTAIN OF AHMED, CONSTANTINOPLE.

of the bereaved wife—for such must have been the founder—who had it made. There is an exquisite simplicity about the workmanship, which marks it as belonging to the best period of Greek art, and it probably is the work of Lysippus, or of some one of his school. It is one of those works of art which photograph themselves on the memory, and one has only to close one's eyes to recall this touching representation of the *abandon* of grief which knows and can know no consolation. What most of the greatest painters have failed to achieve with the more pliant materials of brush and paint—the representation of human grief that is not unlovely—has been accomplished by the unknown artist whose work lay hidden and unknown for centuries in a cave in Sidon."

We next proceeded to the Mosque of Saint Sophia, or "the Church

of Divine Wisdom," begun by Constantine, A.D. 325, twice torn down and twice rebuilt—by Theodosius II. in 395, and by Justinian in 538. Within its walls resounded the eloquent voice of the golden-mouthed Chrysostom, and this was the scene of the great ecclesiastical and state pageants of the Byzantine Empire for a thousand years. "O Solomon," exclaimed the Emperor Theodosius at its dedication, "I have surpassed thee." This stately dome, one hundred and eighty feet high and one hundred and seventy feet in diameter, balanced as it were in air, is regarded as the most beautiful and marvellous creation of Byzantine art.

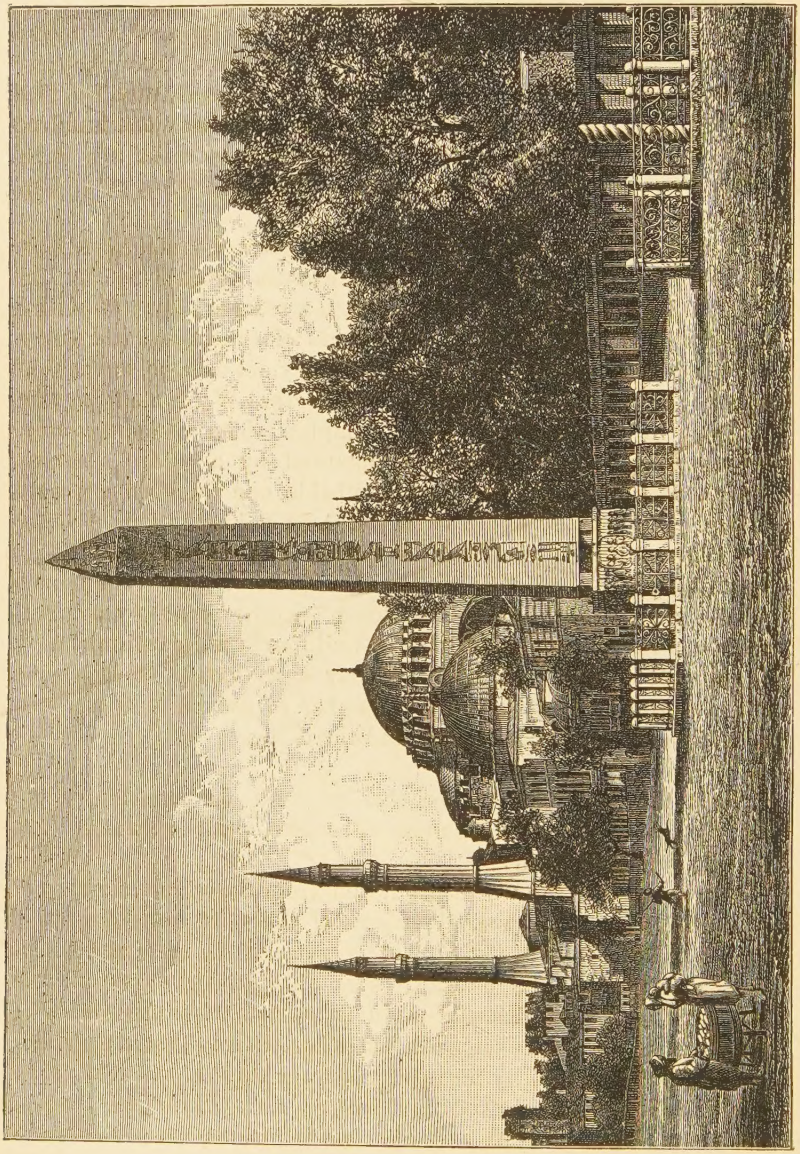
The vast frescoes and mosaics of this great temple have been defaced and hidden by the crude colours applied by Moslem intolerance when it was converted into a mosque; but still with a glass we could see the expressive faces of Christ and the saints, crowned with a golden nimbus, a prophecy, let us hope, of the time when the true heavenly wisdom, the Eternal Word, shall be worshipped in this grandest of all temples. The cross that once crowned this dome has been supplanted by a gilded crescent, which, flashing in the sunlight, is visible one hundred miles out at sea. Around the dome runs the Arabic inscription: "God is the light of the heavens and the earth," and during the feast of Ramazan this verse is illuminated by a sea of rays from a thousand lamps suspended in the dome. Eight porphyry columns from the Roman temple of the sun, and four granite columns from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, four and twenty of Egyptian granite, and many others to the number of over a hundred, support the sculptured arcades around the dome.

It is impossible not to be thrilled with the memory of the august scenes of which the ancient basilica was the theatre. Let us note a few of them:

The sceptre of the world has fallen from the vigorous grasp of Theodosius into the jewelled fingers of the effeminate Arcadius, then in his eighteenth year. Yet he assumed the state and splendour of a god. "His chariot," says Chrysostom, "was of pure and solid gold, and flashed, when it moved, with the gleam of precious stones." The empress Eudoxia, the daughter of a Roman soldier, was elevated by an intrigue to the throne. In this giddy height, while she preserved her beauty, says D'Aubigne, she lost her virtue. She became haughty and luxurious, greedy of gold, and the slave of vice.

This vain and ambitious woman, had ordered a silver statue of herself to be erected on the great square in front of the church

of St. Sophia. Chrysostom felt bound to protest against the demoralizing spectacle and thus incurred the intense hatred of the Empress.



THE HIPPODROME, WITH OBELISK AND SERPENT-TWINED COLUMNS—ON SITE OF ANCIENT CIRCUS.

On the festival of St. John the Baptist he occupied the pulpit of St. Sophia. Adapting his discourse to the day, he thundered out the exordium, "Again Herodias rages; again she dances;

again she demands the head of John." The anger of Eudoxia was kindled to the intensest fury. She wrung from her weak-minded husband an edict for the immediate expulsion of the archbishop. "God has appointed me to this charge," replied the undaunted Chrysostom, "and He must set me free before I yield it up." "What can I fear"? exclaimed the brave old man. "Death? *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* Exile? *The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.* Confiscation? *We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out of it.* I scorn the terrors, and smile at the advantages, of life." He was banished to the mountains of Bithynia. But the expulsion of this frail old man was a task that daunted the lord of a hundred legions.

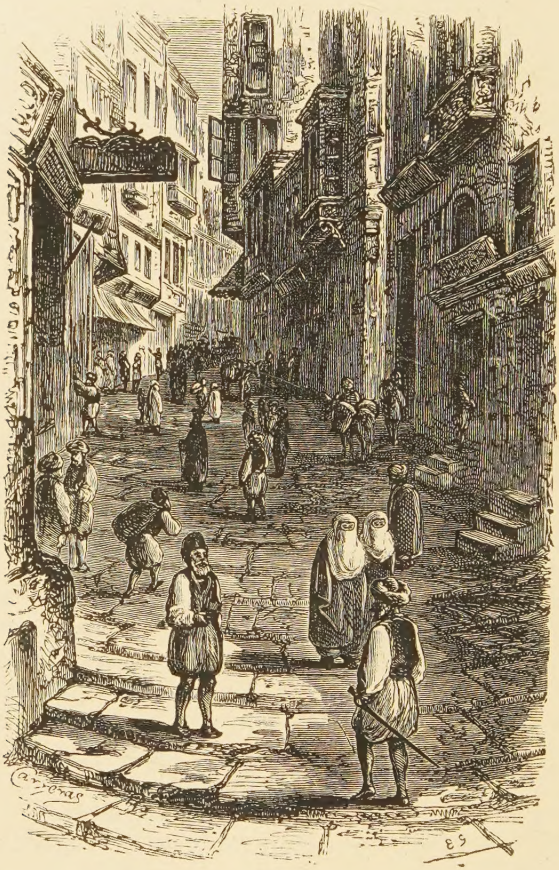
The clamour of the people demanded the recall of the good bishop. The Bosphorus swarmed with barks, eager to bring back the guardian and the pride of the city. A great shout rose up to the sky and ran echoing along the shores of the two continents of Europe and Asia—a shout of welcome to the thin worn grey-headed man who stood with streaming eyes and uplifted hands on the deck of the galley as it glided up the Golden Horn.

By the constraint of the multitude, eager to hear once more his golden words, he ascended at length the pulpit whence he ruled the souls of men with a more imperial sway than Arcadius on the throne of the world. "What shall I say?" he exclaimed, as he looked around upon the mighty concourse. "Blessed be God! These were my last words on my departure, these the first on my return. Blessed be God, who turneth the tempest into a calm." Again his enemies rallied. While the "*Kyrie eleison*" rang through the vaulted aisles of St. Sophia, a body of troops burst into the church and forced their way up to the very altar. Thracian cavalry, chiefly Goths and Pagans, rode down the catechumens in the street. Constantinople for several days had the appearance of a city which had been stormed.

Chrysostom was hurried into exile over the rugged mountain roads of Bithynia, Phrygia, Galatia, "more dead than alive," he says, from the heat and toil of travel, to the bleak highlands of Armenia. The brutal emperor commanded that the old man should walk this terrible distance without shoes, and that his head should be exposed to the burning rays of the sun.*

*The retribution of Providence fell heavily upon the principal persecutors of the saints—so was interpreted the tragic fate which befell them. Within a year the Empress Eudoxia died suddenly in excruciating agony. Soon after, the Emperor Arcadius was called from his royal palace, his golden chariot, his white mules, to join his dead partner, Eudoxia. The

"The Eastern Church," says Milman, "was almost governed from the solitary cell of Chrysostom." But his life-journey was well-nigh ended. While the guards urged their frail prisoner forward, his powers completely failed at the village of Comana, in Pontus. Putting on his white priestly robe, the dying man



STREET IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

bishop of Chalcedon, while sitting at the Council which condemned his superior, received an injury which caused the loss of both his legs, and a lingering and painful death. Another member of that body lost his reason, and imagined himself haunted, like Orestes, by avenging furies. Then another lost the use of his tongue with which he had condemned the apostolic bishop, and a fourth the use of the hand with which he wrote his sentence. So history records the vengeance of heaven against the enemies of the righteous.

asked for bread and wine. Pronouncing the words of consecration he partook for the last time of the Supper of the Lord. He exclaimed, "God be praised for all things." Thus he passed to the presence of the Master whom he loved and served so well. Bossuet describes him as the greatest preacher the Church ever possessed.

TURKISH TYPE.

A peculiar feature of Constantinople is the numerous fountains which abound within its walls. Not only is there a fountain for the ablutions of the faithful at every mosque, but there are many throughout the city of all shapes and sizes, from a simple arch on the wall to the elaborate structure shown in our engraving. The eaves of many of these fountains have great projections and are decorated with elaborate paintings, and almost always with the words of the Koran: "By water everything lives."

Not many features of the ancient Byzantium remain in the modern city. The most remarkable of these is the Hippodrome. This is a large square, occupying in part the site of the ancient circus, nine hundred feet long and four hundred and fifty feet broad. Here occurred those fierce conflicts between the red and green factions which at times almost convulsed the empire. In its centre rises an obelisk of Egyptian granite brought from Heliopolis. Its deeply-carved hieroglyphics and the Greek and Latin inscriptions at the base still speak of the past to the present in tongues almost forgotten of mankind. This is shown in the engraving on page 426. To the right of the picture is seen part of the column of the "three serpents." A considerable portion is concealed in the well-like enclosure around it, for the whole square has been raised to a considerable height by the accumulated *dèbris* of centuries. This column consists of three serpents twined together, dates from the fifth century before Christ, and is alleged

to have supported on its three serpent heads a golden tripod from the oracle of Delphi.

TURKISH PRIVATE GARDEN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The burnt column, so named by the fires by which it was blackened and shattered, is a porphyry shaft, one hundred feet

high, surrounded with copper rings. On its top once stood the statue of Constantine the Great.

The "Cistern of One Thousand Columns" is a vast subterranean hall where rows upon rows of graceful Byzantium columns are seen in the dim light struggling through the openings in the roof. These rows of columns seemed always to radiate from the point of view wherever one stood, till lost in the darkness. The entrance is by a narrow, dirty, ruinous stairway. It was probably once used as a reservoir, although now dry. On some of the pillars crosses were carved, indicating its Christian occupation at some time. In the dim light we found a number of ghost-like silk-winders spinning gold and silk thread which they were anxious to sell us.

The most interesting and well preserved relics of ancient Byzantium are its ramparts, walls and gates. The whole city was formerly inclosed by massive walls, once formidable in their strength. The entire circuit is about thirteen miles. On the waterside they are extremely ruinous, but on the land side the solid triple walls, with their grass-grown moat and ramparts, still rise in melancholy majesty. They were founded by Constantine the Great, rebuilt in great part by Theodosius and his successors, and are composed chiefly of brick with courses and facings of stone. Time, sieges and earthquake have done their worst. They are studded with castellated mediæval towers of all shapes, poly-angular, square and circular, often rent from top to bottom, or altogether fallen into the moat. The breaches made by caterpault and battering-rams, and in latter times by cannon, are still visible.

We stand by the city of Constantine, amidst the ruins of the fifth century, and beside the crumbling palace of the founder of Byzantium with its picturesque and broken arches, dowered with a melancholy beauty even in their decay. Both walls and towers are overgrown with trees and shrubs, and bound together with clinging parasitic plants which mantle with a veil of beauty their grim desolation. As recently as 1869, the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, was about to sell these venerable relics of the past for the paltry sum to be obtained by their demolition for building material. This act of vandalism was actually commenced when the British Minister interfered and prevented their destruction.

Without the walls are thousands upon thousands of Moslem graves, overshadowed by the sombre and melancholy cypresses. In the distance lie the blue Bythinian Mountains, and the whole scene recalls vividly the many sieges and sortees of which this historic spot has been the scene. The walls are pierced by over

thirty gates, ruinous, and of scant architectural pretentions. The most impressive is that known as "Seven Towers."

The Seven Towers were used by the Janissaries in the height of their power as a prison for the Sultans whom they dethroned. Seven Sultans lost their lives in this place as well as many other illustrious prisoners. A small open court, where heads were piled high as the wall, was called the "Place of Heads." A deep hole in the ground near by bears the significant name of "The Well of Blood." There was also a wall built by human bones raised as high as the wall of the fortress. These grim fortifications bring vividly before our minds the final conflict between the crescent and the cross for the possession of Byzantium.

TURKISH LADIES.

At the middle of the fifteenth century, A.D. 1453, a crisis of the greatest importance in the history of the world was at hand. Terrific and protracted was the struggle for the key of eastern empire and the throne of the eastern Cæsars. The arts of ancient and of modern warfare were combined in the siege and defence of the bulwark of Christendom. Never was more dreadful night than the eve of the final assault. The blaze of the nocturnal fires

illumined the entire extent of massy wall. To the terror of the lightning-flash and thunderstroke of the newly invented cannon—terrific to the Greeks as the bolts of Jove—were added to the more familiar concussions of the battering-rams, while the mysterious and inextinguishable Greek fire heightened the horror of the scene. Above the din were heard the frantic shouts of the terrible Janissaries, eager for the slaughter as hounds in leash—"Allah Akbar! Allah Hu!"—while within the doomed city arose amid the darkness from the sad procession of priests and warriors wending to the Church of Saint Sophia, the wailing dirge, "Kyrie eleeson! Christe eleeson!" (Lord have mercy upon us, Christ have mercy upon us.)

The blood and horror and confusion of the assault, and the nameless abominations of the sack of the hapless city, are indescribable. The Church of Saint Sophia, where a frantic multitude took sanctuary, flowed with blood. Priests and nobles, maids and matrons, veiled vestals and venerable abbesses, were delivered to the cruelty or lust of the brutal Moslem soldiery. Sixty thousand of the captives, male and female, were led away to recruit the armies or grace the harems of the Turk. The great square of the city became a market where its wretched inhabitants were sold into vilest slavery.

Thus ended the long and bitter contest between the east and west for the key of the Euxine, the gateway of commerce, and the ancient seat of Greek Empire. All Europe was aghast with horror and dismay. The pope summoned the entire west from Sweden to Naples, from Poland to Britain, to drive the Turk from European soil. But spiritual anathemas and political leagues, were alike despised by the victorious invader. He crossed to Italy, seized and attacked Otranto, and would probably have become master of old, as well as of new Rome, had he not been overtaken by death, a conqueror as ruthless as himself.

ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

OTHERS shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they!
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made.

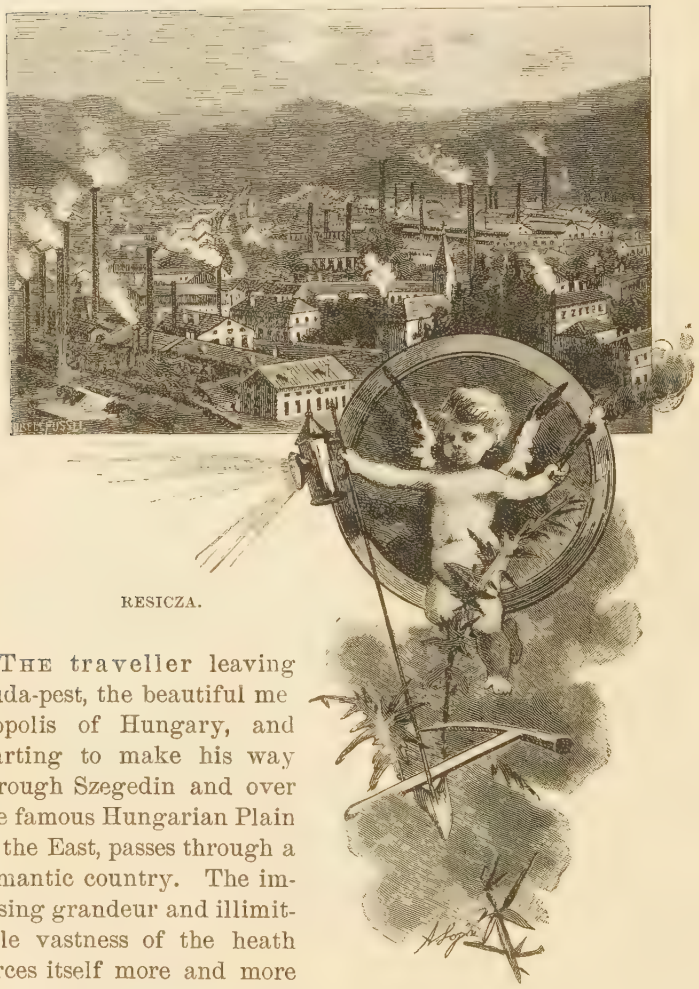
Hail, to the coming singers!
Hail the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

—*Whittier.*

THROUGH ROUMANIA.

BY DR. ADOLPHUS STERNBERG.



RESICZA.

THE traveller leaving Buda-pest, the beautiful metropolis of Hungary, and starting to make his way through Szegedin and over the famous Hungarian Plain to the East, passes through a romantic country. The imposing grandeur and illimitable vastness of the heath forces itself more and more on his attention. Here and there the long arm of a draw-well rises high into the air, and round it stand herds of long-horned white cattle. We notice one of the most characteristic features of the Hungarian Plain, namely, the windmills, slowly revolving their long arms, which at night present a weird and spectral appearance.

Before reaching Szegedin the train passes over the grand new

embankment, which serves the twofold purpose of affording a causeway for the railroad, and protecting the town against the dangers with which it is threatened by the overflowing of the river Tisza (Theiss). In 1879 an inundation almost swept from the surface of the earth the largest and most populous city of Southern Hungary. Not only all Hungary, but we may even say all Europe, contributed to repair this unexampled misfortune, so that the town soon arose from its ruins in greater beauty than before, and now has 80,000 inhabitants.

ROUMANIANS.

In the Hungarian Plain no traces now remain of the long-continued Turkish misrule except a few words of Turkish origin in the Roumanian and Servian languages. But at a much earlier period the Romans left an ineffaceable mark upon this district. If we observe one of the knots of country people assembled at some country railway station, we shall see, side by side with unmistakable German peasants, others in picturesque costumes. Their expression betokens energy combined with calmness. These black-haired individuals, of a distinctly southern type, are Roumanians, descendants of the

ADA-KALEH.

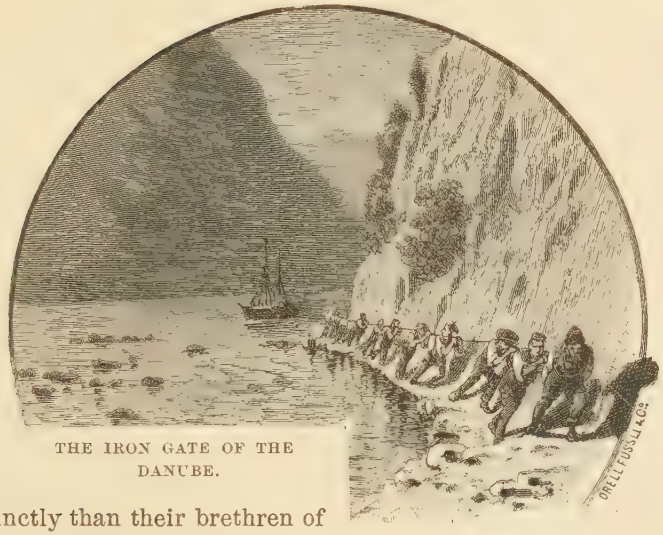
ancient Romans and of the Dacians whom they conquered and with whom they mingled. The character of the Roumanians is a mixture of good and evil, the result of ten centuries of oppression. Their most conspicuous virtue is gratitude, expressed in faithful remembrance of their benefactors. Thus, for instance, the memory of the Emperor Trajan is still preserved among the people. That the people are industrious we must acknowledge, especially when we see a Roumanian woman trudging to market with her baby, in its cradle, strapped to her back, a heavy basket of fruit balanced on her head, a distaff with flax fastened to her girdle, and both hands employed in spinning.

CHAPEL NEAR ORSOVA.

On the journey eastward the railway line intersects the so-called Roman wall, which extends southward from the Maros to the Danube, across hill and dale, almost in a straight line, for a distance of ninety-three miles.

The distant mountains, veiled in a light-blue haze, form the Iron Gate Pass, through which leads the famous military road to Transylvania. Three Roman highways meet here. Traces of all of them still remain, and in some parts even the ditches bordering them are visible. Many a peasant must have wondered where the strip of rubble came from that passes through his fields and makes notches in his ploughshare. From here the Roman legions began their victorious campaign in Transylvania, subjecting the Dacian people to their iron yoke. The Emperor Trajan wintered here in the year 101.

The Roumanians of the mountains betray their origin no less



THE IRON GATE OF THE DANUBE.

distinctly than their brethren of the Plain. Owing to their long training in military discipline their bearing here is more soldierly, their sense of order more developed than in other districts. The order and tranquillity prevailing at market or an election gathering is in striking contrast to the noisy markets of the Magyar country towns.

TRAJAN'S TABLET.

Up to the end of the sixteenth century Karansebes was a great trading-place, and possessed 30,000 inhabitants. At the present time the town has scarcely 4,000 inhabitants. Its decadence was due to the fact of its having been repeatedly destroyed and pillaged during the last Turkish war, in which more than half of the population were killed or carried away into slavery.

Among the most important rivers in Europe is the Danube; in fact, it is the second river. It has a length of 1,700 miles; it and its tributaries drain a valley having an area of over

300,000 square miles. Many nations live along its banks and those of the rivers which flow into it, and nearly thirty dialects are spoken from its source to its mouth. It rises in the Black Forest to the north of Switzerland, and almost in sight of the French frontier. Through Bavaria and Austria is its course, through Hungary, past Servia and Bulgaria, Roumania and Roumelia, while tributaries flow in from Bosnia and Macedonia on the south and Poland on the north, so that practically the valley of the Danube comprises the most important portion of Eastern Europe. It runs through the battle-ground of civilization and

KAZAN PASS.

savagery. Here the Romans contended with the Scythians and the Huns; here the Greek empire strove to maintain its supremacy over the hordes of savage tribes which came down from the steppes of Russia; here, after the empire of the East faded away, Charlemagne contended with savage tribes of semi-Asiatics; here all Europe fought, and Turks, for generation after generation, until by a great battle fought under the walls of Vienna, the flood of the Mohammedan invasion was rolled back towards Asia.

Orsova lies on the Danube at the mouth of the Klissura, in the most considerable river-formed defile in Europe. This defile afforded a narrow passage, not only to the waters of the Danube, but also to the armies making their way from east to west, or

vice versa. The Emperor Trajan completed the road begun by Tiberius on the right bank of the stream, thus putting the camp and castles situated along the Danube in easy communication with each other.

The history of Orsova can be followed for more than two thousand years. Roman tiles marked with the number of the legion, statues, sarcophagi, traces of a temple, and numerous coins have been found in the vicinity.

From the Island of Ada-Kaleh, whose grim fortress is shown in our cut on page 435, we overlook the famous and dreaded Iron Gate. The foaming and surging waters pour with terrific swiftness over the reefs. When the water is low so many blocks project above the surface that a bold leaper might almost succeed in making his way dry-shod from one bank to the other. The passage of the stream at this point is, of course, attended with many dangers, there being but a very narrow channel through the dangerous reefs. When the water is very low, steamers of even the lightest draught cannot pass. The mighty stream then pours its waters slowly onward towards the Black Sea.

THE BABAKAI ROCK.

Travellers from the distant East, athletic men with white beards, wearing caftans and turbans, deeply-veiled women, slender Servians, sturdy Bulgarians, dark-eyed Roumanian beauties, hasten to the Danube Quay to make their purchases or to the railway station to continue their journey towards the distant West; the peculiarities of the Eastern peoples are here seen blended with the civilization of Western Europe.

The Kazan Pass, shut in on both sides by steep banks, affords an imposing prospect. In many places the Danube is here compressed to a width of less than 800 feet, but on the other hand it attains in places a depth of 400 feet. In the Kazan Pass we find

FRONTIER TOLL HOUSE.

ourselves on classic soil. The remains of the grand highway built by Trajan are still visible, and an inscription carved in the rock preserves for all time the memory of the powerful emperor, the conqueror of Dacia.

The Babakai Rock rising in the midst of the river marks the place where the Cataracts of the Danube begin. In connection with Babakai there are several legends telling of deeds more cruel even than the desperate combats which have taken place here.

VIADUCT OF ZSITTIN.

ORAVICZA.

The peasantry say that a jealous Servian governor had his wife chained to the Babakai Rock, and that upon another occasion the same punishment was inflicted upon a beautiful Turkish maiden who had fled with a Hungarian but was recaptured by her master's servants. According to the same authorities, groans and sighs may often be heard round the Babakai, especially when storms are raging.

The "Kolumbacs gnats," which play such fearful havoc among the herds of the dwellers in the Banat, issue in spring-time like

a terrific cloud of dust from the marshes of the Danube, and spread with the speed of the wind over the adjacent district.

In the twelfth century a Greek army was defeated here by the Hungarians with such terrific slaughter that the water of the Karas was dyed crimson with the blood of the slain. At a later period Paul Kinizsi crossed the Danube here, routed the Turkish army, and brought back with him 50,000 Servians who were desirous of escaping from the Turkish yoke. The peasant now drives his plough over these blood-stained fields, and reaps a plentiful harvest, without troubling himself in the least about the events of which in former years the place was the scene.

VUKOVAR CATHEDRAL.

Resicza is the chief place in the Banat domains of the Austro-Hungarian State Railway Company, which comprise an area of more than 320,000 acres, 214,000 of which are forest land. The town now possesses some of the largest steel works in Hungary. Looking down from the summit of the hills upon the valley, we see a maze of houses and gardens, the spires of churches and the no less lofty shafts of the numerous factories. (See initial cut). The scenery, changing at every step, is extremely wild and romantic, constantly challenging the admiration of the traveller, so that no one who has passed along this road can ever forget it. The railway crosses lofty viaducts over deep valleys, in which nestle pretty villages, as shown in cut on page 440.

To give God thanks when brief, oblivious nights
The tranquil eve and blithesome morning part,
Easy as lark song that. But how when smites
The mace of sorrow, stings the malice dart?
Ah, unbelieving heart!

To give God thanks in words—this is not hard.
But incense of the spirit—to distil
From hour to hour the cassia and the nard
Of fragrant life, His praises to fulfil?
Alas, inconstant will!

A "KING'S DAUGHTER" AMONG THE LEPERS OF SIBERIA.

MISS KATE MARSDEN.

Since Howard took his famous journey through the Russian prisons nearly a hundred years ago, there are few achievements so characteristic of the chivalry of human nature as the journey which Miss Kate Marsden made last year in Siberia. Siberia is a great world—an unknown world for the most part. It covers half the continent of Asia, and while its northern coasts are blocked up with eternal snow and ice, its southern districts are among the most fertile in the world. In this enormous expanse of territory stretching from the Ural Mountains to the Behring Sea, there is every conceivable variety of climate and of soil, but one thing that never varies, and that is the enormous extent of the land and the extreme paucity of the population. George Kennan has written a great deal about the hardships of the ordinary convict prisons of Siberia. The worst of the facts there are comparatively insignificant compared with the ghastly horrors which extorted the sympathy of Miss Marsden. Scattered through the great forest with which a large part of Siberia is covered, there wander human outcasts, lepers, who eke out an appalling and miserable existence without any care, supervision, or medical attendance; they are indeed the lost souls in the human inferno. Elsewhere lepers, as in the Sandwich Islands and Robin Island, are cared for and looked after by their more fortunate brethren;

but in the wilderness of Siberia these poor wretches are left as much alone as the wild beasts, to whom from time to time they fall a prey. A severe scientist, without any superstitions about the sanctity of human life, would probably argue that the most beneficent thing for the lepers would be to treat them as wild beasts, and organize shooting parties to exterminate these poor people. Miss Kate Marsden, as a philanthropist of the Christian variety, takes a different view; and as the lepers were not to be killed off, she decided to try and arouse attention in Russia and elsewhere to the condition of these outcasts of the human race.

It must be admitted that a madder scheme never entered into the mind of any human being than that which entered into Miss Marsden's brain. Miss Marsden is a young lady without means, and without powerful friends or protectors. She is not only a lone woman, but a somewhat sickly one; for her health, never very robust, has been injured by the hardships of her recent adventures. The Russians, like other people, do not particularly care for inquisitive and philanthropic foreigners poking their noses into the human dust-bins of the empire. It might therefore be regarded as in the last degree improbable that Miss Marsden could receive permission to go leper-hunting, and even if she had received permission it seemed more improbable that she could have stood the hardships of such an expedition. As Mrs. French Sheldon showed in Central Africa, a woman can go where a man would completely fail, and it must be admitted that Miss Marsden's success in her extraordinary tour may be regarded as another leaf in the laurels which her sex are winning in the last quarter of this century.

The difficulties seemed almost insurmountable. Apart from her sex, the infirmity of her health, and the absence of powerful friends and protectors, there was yet another impediment in the fact that she knew scarcely a word of Russian. Yet this lone woman, possessed with this idea, surmounted all obstacles, laughed at all difficulties, and is now in England with the most gratifying accounts of the success which has been achieved under her auspices. Miss Marsden, in the prosecution of her extraordinary mission, had the good fortune to get the enthusiastic support of one of the best of the good souls among the ladies of the Court. The Countess Alexandrian Tolstoi was the lady who was intrusted with the education of the Grand Duchess Marian, better known to the English as Duchess of Edinburgh. The Countess Alexandrian, who, by the way, is a cousin of the novelist Count Tolstoi, is a practical, sensible person, who, perceiving what kind of a woman Miss Marsden was, did what she could to help her attain the success of her mission. Miss Marsden was introduced at Court, and the Empress of Russia took up her cause with enthusiasm. The moment the Empress' sympathies were enlisted all was plain sailing, so far as permission and official sanctions were concerned. She received a letter from the Empress, which was a passport to every part of the empire wherever a leper might be suspected to be lurking, and another imperial missive secured for her the best

attention and assistance of all officials into whose district she might penetrate.

After considerable delay in making inquiries and accumulating all the information that could be given on the subject, at St. Petersburg and Moscow, Miss Marsden set off on her quest. So far as Yakoutsk everything was smooth sailing; that is to say, she had no more than the ordinary difficulties which every traveller who crosses Russia and enters Siberia meets with. It was not until she left Yakoutsk that the difficulties began. The region which was selected as the first field of her philanthropic endeavour was the great forest which extends from Yakoutsk to Villewisk. She rode for over two thousand miles through the woods, one of the longest rides that a lady knight-errant ever made even in the olden times. She was accompanied by an interpreter, one Petroff, and a body-guard of twenty-nine Cossacks and guides. The inhabitants of the province of Villewisk are for the most part Yakouts, who could not even speak Russian. They live in little communes, scattered republics, as it were, which are a law unto themselves. One of their laws insists upon the isolation of the leper. This little community compel all who are leprous or have come into contact with lepers to live in the forest in small huts far apart from human habitation. Sometimes they live for years, at other times they die speedily of privation, or are eaten by the bears with which the forest abounds. It was Miss Marsden's object to ferret out these isolated leper outcasts and to make arrangements for gathering them into a colony where they could receive some medical treatment and be cared for as human beings.

It must have been a picturesque sight to see Miss Marsden and her cavalcade as they left the town and plunged into the forest. Lady Florence Dixey would be delighted to know that Miss Marsden rode "straddle" like a man. She had never ridden a horse before, and the horses in those parts had never been accustomed to carry ladies' side-saddles; and besides it would have been impossible for her to get through the woods in any other way than man's fashion. She wore a huge hat to protect her from the sun, a mosquito net, a long jacket with wide sleeves, and large trousers which came down to the knee, where they were tucked into high boots. The rest of her accoutrements were a revolver and a whip, also a bag—without which women seem to be unable to travel. In civilized countries this is excused on the plea of a paucity of pockets. Miss Marsden, however, was well provided with pockets; but the force of habit seems to have been too strong for her. The horses were small and restive, and some of them would have been a desirable addition to Buffalo Bill's bronchos. In the forest there are no roads. The Yakouts cleared a kind of a way for her for a hundred miles, but this track was a mere apology for a road. The horses had to wend their way across roots and trees, over which they were continually stumbling, and to wade through endless marshes, in some of which they sank up to their bellies; and the utmost care was necessary not

to fall into the bog, from which it would have been very difficult to extricate any one alive.

Before starting from Yakoutsk, the bishop of the town came out in full canonicals and gave the expedition his solemn benediction. They started about midsummer's day in 1891, carrying with them about three months' provisions—that is to say, they had dry black bread, tea and sugar. They had tents for camping out, but at first they used the official resting-places. Miss Marsden's account of the kind of accommodation provided for weary travellers in the forest of Villewisk will probably induce all weary travellers to give that province a wide berth. The walls were carpeted with bugs, the floors were alive with lice, while fleas skipped gayly about. The air was thick with mosquitoes. In some cases they were only able to escape the tortures

MISS KATE MARSDEN AND PARTY IN SIBERIA.

of the mosquitoes by building a fire of cows' dung in the centre of the room, shutting the windows and chimney in order that the smoke might not escape. By this means the plague of mosquitoes was abated for the night, although the stench was almost intolerable. The insects were not the only creatures which occupied the tenement; cows and oxen were stabled with the men and women who occupied the room. Such nights were so terrible that it was almost a relief to plunge into the deepest parts of the forest where at present the lepers live. The night horrors at least made welcome the daylight, although it brought another sixty or seventy miles' ride through the sun and bog and forest, where the plague of mosquitoes was unabated, and where from time to time the cavalcade had to draw in and feel for its firearms in order to prepare for an attack from the bears. Miss Marsden had almost as thrilling a time with her bears as Mr. Rhodes had with his lions. But beyond eating one of the cows which she had secured for food for her own party, they do not seem to have done much harm.

When she reached the leper region proper, she found that the reports which had reached her had not exaggerated the horrors of these unfortunates. Whenever a man, woman or child was discovered to have leprosy, he was banished from the village. A small hut was built in the depth of the forest, and there the unfortunates were established under the strictest orders never again to revisit friend or relative, or to appear in the presence of man. There are three or four months of summer, and eight or nine of winter. Until their fingers rot off the lepers are able to make some kind of a fire, and the miserable wretches herd together for company and self-defense. As Miss Marsden frequently found, when a child was camped out in the forest it does not live long. Food fails it or the bears eat it up. In other cases the relatives provide food, leaving it at an appointed place to which the lepers come after a due interval, to carry it back to their miserable huts.

Miss Marsden visited no fewer than thirteen small leper settlements in the forest, and was able to form a very clear and definite idea as to what should be done. As she and her attendants got further into the forest, they had to camp out every night and sleep with revolvers and guns ready at hand, while the Yakouts watched by the large fires all night for fear of the bears. The bears were an all-pervading nuisance. Even when they did not show themselves the horses smelt them, would go almost mad with fright, and would bolt with their riders through the dense woods, which was only one degree less dangerous than the bears themselves. On one occasion Miss Marsden seems to have ridden through a veritable fiery furnace. She says:

"We were one night in an immense forest. I noticed that our horses made a peculiar noise with their feet, as if they were trotting on hollow ground. I was told that the turf was burning not far away. Half an hour later I saw large and small flames in the distance. On getting nearer we saw a picture which looked almost infernal in its terribleness, and we had to go right into the midst of it. All round as far as we could see, there were flames and smoke from the burning ground; the Yakout in front of me was picking his way in front of it. I followed on horseback step by step, but often our horses got into a hole with fire at the bottom of it. They would then throw themselves right and left from fright. It was difficult to manage them, while your eyes grew weary and painful from the smoke, and the strain of looking for the road.

"All went well for a time, when all at once we heard a great noise from behind us. I turned round, but could see nothing but flames and smoke. The noise, however, kept coming nearer and nearer. Our horses got restless and almost unmanageable, when all at once, before we could realize what it was, one of the luggage horses galloped into the midst of us, the two boxes still attached to his side, but one of them had got loose and fell on the top of the other, making a great noise, which frightened the poor horse and set him off at this mad rate. Thanks to Mr. Petroff, who was just behind me, and had time to give the horse a lash with his whip, otherwise the horse was galloping straight at me, and would have killed me; as it is, the boxes only just touched my horse's legs. The poor little horse, more frightened still, plunged straight into the flames and smoke. We had no possibility of stopping it. All we could do was to keep our horses in order the best way we could and continue our road. Having at last passed this road, we entered an immense forest, dark and dense, and after

all those versts of flames and smoke I could see nothing. I believe this was the hardest time of any, and it is only thanks to our Lord that we escaped without being killed."

The lepers were extremely grateful, and offered up prayers with great heartiness for the Empress and her emissary. It was pitiful to see some trying to make the sign of the cross with their hands from which the fingers had rotted off. To see their faces, frightfully disfigured and entirely without hope or consolation, was tragic indeed. Inside the places in which the lepers lived the smell was simply fearful, and in one of them, in addition to leprosy, they had been smitten with small-pox. They had no doctor or any attendants, and the only wonder is that any of them

VIEW OF THE PROPOSED LEPER SETTLEMENT.

kept alive. Miss Marsden had the pleasure of being able to rescue one girl who was in perfect health, but who had been compelled to live among the lepers because her mother had been a leper. Occasionally she came upon solitary lepers who were living by themselves without any other companion than a dog, which was indispensable in order to keep the bears away. Their food was mostly stale fish and the bark of trees, except in those cases in which they were fortunate enough to own cows. In one case an old woman used to creep back to the village for the purpose of picking up the refuse. When the head man heard this, he ordered that all her clothes should be taken off, in order to prevent her return to the village. It is not surprising to learn that shortly afterward she was found frozen to death, quite naked.

After going through all these horrors Miss Marsden conceived the idea of founding a leper settlement, and she at once set to work to collect money. She has raised in Russia for this purpose some thirty-five thousand roubles, and she hopes to make more in America by the publication of her book, which Sampson Low & Marston are about to issue, and by her lectures. On her return to Moscow she had a public reception, and the leading medical society passed a resolution cordially thanking her for the great services which she had rendered to the cause of suffering humanity. She also brought back with her an herb which is declared to be very beneficial in cases of leprosy, even if, as some assert, it does not effect a cure. The heroic nature of her adventure excited attention throughout Russia to the condition of the lepers. M. Pobedonostzeff circulated thirty thousand copies of a small pamphlet describing the need, and undertook to provide a priest for the leper community, the first of which is now in process of formation. As a result of Miss Marsden's narrative, five nuns from Moscow undertook to go and nurse the unfortunates. Miss Marsden is now in England preparing her book for the press. She will shortly afterwards go to St. Petersburg. We cannot better conclude this brief narrative of one of the most remarkable exploits undertaken by a woman in our time than by quoting the following letter from the Countess Alexandrian Tolstoi:

"The work Miss Marsden has undertaken in our country is so important, so full of humanitarian charity, that we cannot fail to see in Miss Marsden an instrument chosen by the Lord Himself to alleviate the miserable condition, moral as well as physical, of the poor lepers. Upheld by God and her great faith in Him, Miss Marsden has in a very short time laid the first foundation of a colony destined to create a new existence for these miserable outcasts. Her love for them never wavered before any obstacle, and this same love has kindled many hearts which have been united by her generous idea.

"Our august Sovereign herself has deigned to give Miss Marsden proofs of her sympathy, receiving her several times, and, being deeply touched by her Christian devotion, she had the kindness to grant her her protection and to help her accomplish her journey in Siberia. We will have the possibility of reading the stirring details of this journey some day.

"The immense difficulties Miss Marsden has overcome have only deepened her zeal for her cause, for which she would willingly give her life, as she has already given her health.

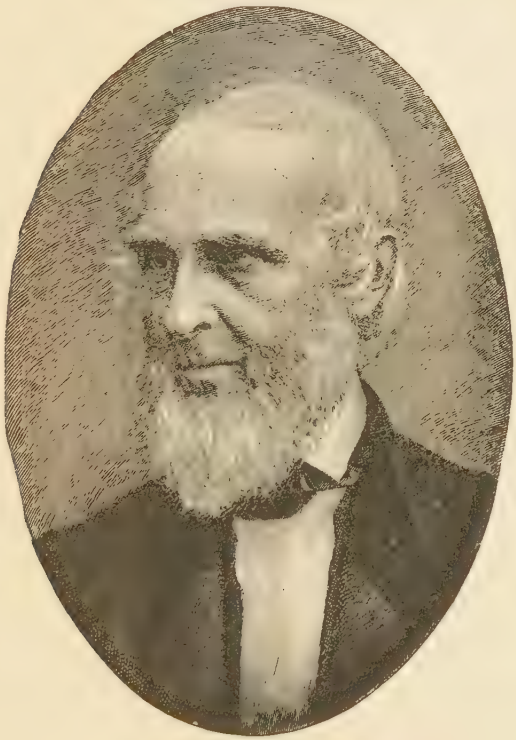
"May all generous souls who know how to appreciate such sacrifices unite with us in asking God to bless this work and the one who has concentrated herself to it."—*The Review of Reviews.*

The various notes that make the perfect song
Hath each a different length; some full and strong
And reaching up to an impassioned height;
And others low and sweet with not less might,
Because the measure is filled out with silence; so,
With life's events: God's will marked out doth grow
From passages of triumph and of pain
Into the rounded sweetness of the finished strain.

—*Gerald Massey.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER—HIS LIFE AND HIS WORK.*

BY THE EDITOR.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE admirable philosophical analysis of the poetry of Whittier from the pen of the late President Nelles renders unnecessary any critical remarks of our own. It remains only to note some of the salient features in his life story and to make brief reference to the circumstances which called forth some of his most stirring poems. It is an uneventful record, that of the quiet Quaker-life of this man, who voiced the hopes and aspirations of an oppressed race. No bruit of arms, no stirring deeds in tented field were his; yet no more chivalric champion of liberty than he ever placed lance in rest; no braver soul ever led a forlorn hope; no conquering hero ever accomplished larger results for the emancipation of a race.

* We are indebted for much of the information of this article to the recent biography of Whittier by William Sloane Kennedy. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. For the portrait we are indebted to the courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Whittier's authorized publishers.

The story of the homely life, and stern environment of the fledgling poet is one of pathetic interest. From the rugged New England hills, for well-nigh two centuries, the Whittier family wrung a frugal living. The first of the name to come to America was Thomas Whittier. Of him two noteworthy incidents are recorded. First, that he brought over with him two hives of bees, and second, his declining to use the garrison-house as a defence against the Indians, preferring to use kind treatment towards them and to trust in the Lord. Nor was his faith disappointed. Amid the frequent hostile raids of the red-skins, the Quaker farmstead among the hills was never molested.

Whittier thus describes his circumscribed early life:

"Our home was somewhat lonely," he says, "with no house in sight, with few companions and few recreations. Our school was only for twelve weeks in a year, in the depth of winter, and half a mile distant. On First-days father and mother, and sometimes one of us three children, rode down to the Friends' meeting-house, in Amesbury, eight miles distant. We had only about twenty volumes of books, most of them the journals of pioneer ministers in our Society. Our only annual was an almanac. Now and then I heard of a book of biography and travel, and walked miles to borrow it."

One day a travelling preacher lent the lad a copy of Burns' poems. It was a revelation to his soul. It kindled the fire of genius in his own heart. He began to write verses with charcoal for lack of a pencil. Eager for schooling he picked berries and learned how to make sheepskin shoes. "To earn one dollar," writes Mrs. Bingham, "he must make and sell twelve pairs of these 'run-arounds.' He literally 'pegged away' until he had earned thirty dollars, and this gave him a year at Haverhill Academy. He next taught school at Amesbury, being so little in advance of his scholars that he had to study every available minute." He slept in the cold, north room of a New England frame house, and studied, shivering in bed till the dim light of his candle went out.

Whittier came of heroic stock. His soul had been fed with the accounts of the oppression endured by his fellow-Quakers, and he inherited from persecuted ancestors instincts of freedom. It was but natural that he should espouse the cause of the persecuted slave. He sent by stealth one day a piece of verse to Garrison's abolition paper, *The Free Press*. Recognizing the touch of genius, Garrison rode over to Haverhill and found the young poet at work at the shoemaker's bench.* "Poetry will never give

*In his "Songs of Labour," Whittier magnifies as follows the achievements of the followers of St. Crispin's gentle craft:

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

him bread," said his practical father, and he discouraged his writing. But his stirring thoughts were as a fire in his bones, and restrain the gift that was in him he could not. He cast in his lot with the despised and persecuted Abolitionists and "gave to freedom's great endeavour" all he had and all he was.

When Whittier espoused the cause of the slave, he had counted the cost and knew that he was abandoning all hope of preferment and literary gains. To be shunned and spat upon by society, and mobbed in public and injured in business; this was what it meant to become an Abolitionist. His friend Garrison was attacked by a mob in broadcloth on Beaconhill, Boston, and

WHITTIER'S HOME, AMESBURY, MASS.

was visited by Whittier in prison. In 1834, the latter was attacked with clubs and stones in the streets of Concord, N.H., and would have been killed had he not been rescued by George Kent, who declared to the mob that they should have Whittier only over his dead body. The zealous Quaker became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, and edited an anti-slavery paper. The Society had built in Philadelphia, at a cost of $40,000, a hall for free discussion, containing an anti-slavery bookstore and the office of Whittier's *Freeman*. This was attacked by twenty-five thousand persons and burned, as well as the asylum for coloured orphans. In the next number of the *Freeman*, Whittier wrote as follows:

"Not in vain, we trust, has the persecution fallen upon us. Fresher

and purer for the fiery baptism, the cause lives in our hearts. . . . Woe unto us if we falter through the fear of man. . . . We feel that God has called us to this work, and if it be His purpose that we should finish what we have begun, He can preserve us, though it be as in the lion's den, or the sevenfold-heated furnace."

Small wonder that Whittier's stirring lyrics of freedom, struck out like sparks from an anvil by these blows of fate, flashed with a sacred fire. Not the soft pleasings of a lute were his Songs of Freedom, but a trumpet-blast rallying brave men to the succour of the slave. For seven years at least Whittier and Garrison toiled shoulder to shoulder in the anti-slavery harness. Garrison was often at Whittier's home, and Whittier more than once shared the bowl of bread-and-milk of Garrison's house, in the dingy little printing-room in Boston. To this period belong that splendid series of poems, "Ichabod," "The Branded Hand," "The Burial of Barbour," "Hunters of Men," the stern sarcasm of "Clerical Oppressors," "Our Countrymen in Chains," the "Virginia Slave Mother's Lament," and other sword-strokes for freedom.

"The Slave Mother's Lament," wrote John Bright, "has often brought tears to my eyes. These few lines were enough to arouse the whole nation to expel the odious crime of slavery."

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air,—
Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters,—
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again—
There no brother's voice shall greet them—
There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone—
Toiling through the weary day,

And at night the spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
By the holy love He beareth—
By the bruised reed He spareth—
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.

Captain Jonathan Walker, of Harwich, Mass., was solicited by several fugitive slaves at Pensacola, Florida, to convey them in his vessel to the British West Indies. For this crime he was sentenced to be branded on the right hand with the letters "S. S." ("Slave Stealer") and mulcted in a heavy fine.

The cut is from a photograph. The branding was done by binding the hand to a post and applying a red hot iron to the palm which left letters a half an inch deep. Captain Walker was kept for eleven months chained to the floor of a bare cell and was only released on the payment of a fine of $150.

THE BRANDED HAND.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thoughtful, brow and gray,
And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day,
With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady nerve, in vain
Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of pain!

Why, that brand is highest honour!—than its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their fathers branded hand!

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave below,
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the babbling school-men knew;
God's star and silence taught thee, as His angels only can,
That the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heaven is man!

That he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
But woe to him who crushes the soul with chain and rode,
And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophecy, "salvation to the slave!"
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whose reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel.

Hold it up before our sunshine up against our Northern air—
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for our standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

"These poems," says Whittier, "were written with no expectation that they would survive the occasions which called them forth; they were protests, alarm signals, trumpet-calls to action, words wrung from the writer's heart, forged at white heat, and, of course, lacking the finish and careful word-selection which reflection and patient brooding over them might have given."

They became the marching songs and pæans of victory of the New England free soilers who held Kansas for freedom.

> "We cross the prairies, as of old, the pilgrims crossed the sea,
> To make the West, as they the East, the homestead of the free,
> Up-bearing, like the ark of old, the Bible in our hand,
> We go to test the Truth of God, against the fraud of man."

Strange that a non-resistant Quaker, a man who would take joyfully the spoiling of his goods rather than defend them with his arm, should be a herald of battle against the ramparts of wrong. But his verse was a bugle-call, not to the clash of arms but to the contest of truth and love with error and oppression. "Hate hath no harm for love," he sings, "and peace unweaponed conquers every wrong." Of John Brown's madly heroic revolt, he writes, "as friends of peace as well as freedom, as believers of the sermon on the mount, we dare not lend countenance to such attempts as that at Harper's Ferry." Yet of the gallant hero whose soul went marching on till the last vestige of slavery was destroyed, he kindly writes:

> John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
> And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed nigh.
> Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild,
> As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the negro's child!
>
> The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;
> And they who blamed the bloody hand, forgave the loving heart.
> That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
> And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!
>
> Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
> Long live the generous purpose, unstained with human blood!
> Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
> Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.
>
> So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
> In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with clay.
> She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove;
> And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love!

Of his somewhat belligerent Quakerism, Whittier himself remarks:

"I have strong suspicions that somewhat of the old Norman blood, something of the grim Berseker spirit, has been bequeathed to me. Why else did I in my young fancy go up with Jonathan, the son of Saul, to smite the garrisoned Philistines of Michmash, or with the fierce son of Nun against the cities of Canaan? Why was Mr. Greatheart, in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' my favourite character? What gave such fascination to the grand Homeric encounter between Christian and Apolyon in the valley?"

It is moral heroism, however, that stirs the soul of this tribune of the people. Read his tribute to the non-resistant Quaker, "Barclay of Ury," and "Andrew Ryckman's Prayer," and his touching ballad of "Cassandra Southwick," the hunted and persecuted Quaker maiden. When the dread ordeal of battle was over, when Lincoln's proclamation made eight million slaves "thenceforward and forever free," then, while sitting in silence in the Friends' meeting-house in Amesbury, he heard the clang of the bells ringing the jubilee of freedom throughout the land, and his soul burst forth in that Miriam song of triumph, "Laus Deo," which, while men love liberty and hate oppression, shall continue to thrill successive generations of men.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

Whittier's later years were like the calm sunset of a stormy day. There were still the flashes of genius, but they were like the lambent play of lightning on a summer eve, not the lurid bolts of the thunderstorm. Surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, kinsfolk, and nieces, he lived an ideal old age. "This delightful family," says a visitor, "is based upon the religion of Jesus Christ. Its members believe in the influence of the Holy Spirit. They are Friends in word and deed." Thither came the tried and true of other years, Garrison, Longfellow, Lowell,

Sumner, Bayard Taylor, Emerson, Holmes, Whipple, the sisters Carey, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Spofford, Lucy Larcom, and many more who loved the old man as sons and daughters love a venerated sire.

Strange that so loving a soul as Whittier should never have married. From glimpses in his poems, "Benedicite," "My Playmate," "Memories," and "The Schoolhouse," it would seem as if he were faithful to some lost and early love.

His love of children was very marked. He has written many children's poems and stories in prose, and published two books of selections for children. He has been known to lose a train that he might give a ride to a group of village children who besieged his carriage. His purse was ever open to the poor and distressed, although he was much imposed upon by frauds, bores, and tramps. His letters used to average twenty-five or thirty a day. "When I am sick they accumulate," he says, "and when I am well, I make myself sick again with trying to catch up with my answers." A pretty usage came into vogue of a general observance of Whittier's birthday on the 17th of December, in the public schools of the country. His poet-friend Holmes and he used to exchange birthday verses, and the very last lines he wrote were the following prophetic words on Holmes' eighty-fourth birthday on the 29th of last August:

> The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
> When at the eternal gate
> We leave the words and works we call our own,
> And lift void hands alone.
>
> For love to fill, our nakedness of soul
> Brings to that gate no toll;
> Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
> And live because He lives.

The English Quaker, John Bright, was a great admirer of the Quaker poet of America. "In the poem of 'Snow Bound,'" he says, "there are lines which have nothing superior in our language. The 'Eternal Goodness' is worth a crowd of sermons which are spoken from the pulpits of our sects and churches, and I do not wish to undervalue them." The late emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, translated many of his poems into Portuguese, and when he was in America, paid Mr. Whittier a visit of affection. When slavery was abolished in Brazil, Whittier cabled these words to the emperor, then lying ill at Milan: "With thanks to God, who has blessed your generous efforts, I congratulate you on the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil."

Whittier was not only an orthodox Quaker by birth, but from heartfelt conviction. The Friends' meeting-house, which he attended, was a little white wooden box of a church capable of holding forty persons, which sometimes, however, dwindled to seven or less. Here his soul communed with God and was still.

"He has never," says his latest biographer, "been ashamed of his religion.

His attitude recalls an anecdote told of Thomas Ellwood. As he was one day coming out of the meeting, among a hostile crowd, some one called out, 'don't stone that man, he is not a Quaker, see his fur cap!' Ellwood instantly snatched his cap from his head and dashed it to the ground, saying, 'I *am* a Quaker!'"

It is evident that Whittier, espousing persecution and scorn, did not write for money. Indeed, he playfully remarks, it may be possible for a French cook to make twenty dishes out of a parsnip, but he could not make one out of a poem. Yet he lived in comfort in his later years on the royalty from his books. Of his "Tent on the Beach," 20,000 copies were soon sold; for the little ballad "The Captain's Well," Robert Bonner sent him a check for $1,000. But he had his nobler reward in the moral inspiration and moral education which he has furnished to three generations. The whirligig of time brings around its revenges, or let us say, its poetic justice. The very community which regarded Garrison as an intolerable nuisance, made him a present of $30,000, and he and Whittier lived to see themselves regarded with John Brown and Lincoln as saviours of the negro race. "Enslave a single human being," said Garrison, "and the liberty of the world is put in peril."

Many of Whittier's poems are profoundly subjective and introspective, thoughtful and pensive. Loving and tender to the faults and failings of others, he sits in stern judgment on his own soul.

Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark
I would question thee,
Alone in the shadow drear and stark
With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?
Was it mirth or ease,
Or heaping up dust from year to year?
'Nay, none of these!'

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight
Whose eye looks still
And steadily on thee through the night:
'To do His will!'

What hast thou done, oh soul of mine
That thou tremblest so?—
Hast thou wrought His task, and kept the line
He bade thee go?

And where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

'Ah, the cloud is dark, and day by day,
I am moving thither:
I must pass beneath it on my way—
God pity me!—WHITHER?' . . .

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

Nothing before, nothing behind:
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath. *

Undisturbed by the strife of tongues, he communes with his own heart and is still. He sits in the shadow and seeks the illumining of the "Inner Light," which lighteth every man which cometh into the world. He had unfaltering faith in the loving kindness and the tender mercy of the All-loving Father of mankind. From "The Eternal Goodness," a special favourite with John Bright, the late Dr. Nelles, and Dr. Williams, we quote a few lines:

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

With his sternest denunciations of wrong mingle tender feelings of pity and forgiveness. This is well shown in his fine poem on visiting a slave prison at Washington, the capital of the nation:

Pitying God!—Is that a WOMAN
On whose wrist the shackles clash?
Is that shriek she utters human,
Underneath the stinging lash?
Are they MEN whose eyes of madness from that sad procession flash?

*Compare similar poem by Mrs. Browning, entitled "Confessions."

"Face to face in my chamber, my silent chamber, I saw her,
God and she and I only . . . there, I sate down to draw her
Soul through the clefts of confession. . . Speak, I am holding thee fast,
As the angels of resurrection shall do it at the last.
"'My cup is blood-red with my sin,' she said,
'And I pour it out to the bitter lees,
As if the angels of judgment stood over me strong at the last,
Or as thou wert as these!'"

"To thy duty now and ever!
Dream no more of rest or stay:
Give to Freedom's great endeavour
All thou art and hast to-day:"
Thus, above the city's murmur, saith a Voice or seems to say.

Oh, my brothers! oh, my sisters!
Would to God that ye were near,
Gazing with me down the vistas
Of a sorrow strange and drear;
Would to God that ye were listening to the Voice I seem to hear!
. . . . . .

Let our hearts, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother is most just.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels? Shall we cloud their blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not day!

The story of a slave-sale where the auctioneer specially commends a woman on the stand as "a good Christian," wrings from the soul of Whittier the following indignant outburst:

A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips—o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee, the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?

The funeral of Whittier was a scene of deep and tender pathos. The modest house at Amesbury where the poet lived was too small to contain a portion of the several thousands gathered to do reverence to his memory, so the funeral services were held in the garden at the rear of the house.

"On the casket," we quote Dr. Bowen's account in the *Independent*, "which contained all that was mortal of our beloved Whittier, was the gift of a brother poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes—a wreath of eighty-five roses and carnations, another form for expressing the words: 'John Greenleaf Whittier, born December 17th, 1807; died September 7th, 1892.'"

Among the distinguished literary friends of the deceased were Edmund Steadman, Mrs. Spofford, Colonel Higginson, a son of Garrison, General Howard, Mrs. Lathrop, Lucy Larcom, Edna Dean Proctor, and many others. Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Cecilia Thaxter, Grace Greenwood, Fred. Douglas, and others wrote letters expressing their inability to be present. Miss Courtland, a venerable Quakeress and cousin of the poet, recited his beautiful poem, "At Last," and another Quakeress recited "God is Good." Judge des Brisay, of Nova Scotia, Rev. Dr. Fiske, of Newburyport, Edmund Steadman, and others spoke fittingly. No one was called upon to speak, according to the Quaker custom they spoke as the Spirit moved them. "To know him," said Mr. Steadman, "was a consecration, to have his sympathy, a benediction. His passing away was not so much a death as a translation. . . . We may say of him the chariot swung low and he was translated, dividing the waters of truth, beauty and religion with his mantle." Mrs. Abbey Hutchinson sang the hymn "Close his eyes his work is done," and the good Quaker poet was buried in the Amesbury cemetery beside his father, mother, sister, brothers, whose portraits he has so lovingly drawn in "Snow Bound."

We give the following stirring lines in Whittier's appeal to Englishmen to join in the effort to release the slave:

O Englishmen!—in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We too are heirs of Runnymede:
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Joint-heirs and kinfolk, leagues of wave
Nor length of years can part us:
Your right is ours to shrine and grave,
The common freehold of the brave,
The gift of saints and martyrs.

Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human;
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while for one unshared by each,
We have a score in common.

We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
To England's Queen, God bless her!
We praised you when your slaves went free:
We seek to unchain ours. Will ye
Join hands with the oppressor?

The following noble poem on "The Eve of the Election," reveals the poet's conception of the solemn duty of the Christian to vote

as he prays. Well, if the great Temperance Question, no less important than that of slavery, should thus command the highest allegiance of every voter:

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of Destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the State,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be;
I stand by Empire's primal springs;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Hark! through the crowd
The laugh runs loud,
Beneath the sad, rebuking moon.
God save the land
A careless hand
May shake or swerve ere morrow's noon!

No jest is this;
One cast amiss
May blast the hope of Freedom's year.
O, take me where
Are hearts of prayer,
And foreheads bowed in reverent fear!

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote!

For pearls that gem
A diadem
The diver in the deep sea dies;
The regal right
We boast to-night
Is ours through costlier sacrifice.

The blood of Vane,
His prison pain
Who traced the path the Pilgrim trod,
And hers whose faith
Drew strength from death,
And prayed her Russell up to God!

Our hearts grow cold,
We lightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms,—
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers, and dungeon psalms!

Look from the sky,
Like God's great eye,
Thou solemn moon, with searching beam;
Till in the sight
Of Thy pure light
Our mean self-seekings meaner seem.

Shame from our hearts
Unworthy arts,
The fraud designed, the purpose dark;
And smite away
The hands we lay
Profanely on the sacred ark.

To party claims
And private aims,
Reveal that august face of Truth,
Whereto are given
The age of heaven,
The beauty of immortal youth.

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou wilt in all the world's ere long.
—*Lowell.*

THE POETRY OF WHITTIER.

BY THE LATE DR. NELLES.

The function of the poet is inspiration, elevation and guidance. He interprets life and the world by imagination and sentiment, as the philosopher seeks to do by the understanding alone, or by the understanding chiefly. He gives us "wisdom married to immortal verse," or as Wordsworth has elsewhere expressed it:

> Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us *nobler loves* and *nobler cares*,
> The poets, who on earth have made us *heirs*
> *Of truth* and pure delight by heavenly lays.

Whittier is acknowledged everywhere to be a genuine poet, and in some respects second to none in this New World; but he is a poet chiefly for those whose hearts are in sympathy with moral goodness and the moral significance and beauty of common things. "The spirit of man," says Solomon, "is the candle of the Lord," and this candle shines with double light in the soul of a great poet.

Who can tell the subtle and soothing effects produced on the spirit of man by the grand dome of the overhanging sky with its shifting lights and shadow, and its unfathomed blue running away into the infinitudes of heaven, or of the changing mantle of green and gold and russet brown that enwraps the earth, now passing away in autumn like a gorgeous sunset, and now at the return of spring bursting upon us with

> "The splendour in the grass, and the glory in the flower?"

The varied hues and forms of nature give us pleasure indeed, but they are a revelation as well, and in strange, mysterious ways lift our souls to God. The beauty and music of the world murmur to us of God, as "the convolutions of the smooth-lipped shell" murmur of the sea.

Whittier is pre-eminently a moral and religious poet, and he is this because he interprets the world morally and religiously, finding food for faith, hope, and charity in all life's scenes and events. Take for instance these lines from his noble and truly Christian poem, "The Chapel of the Hermits":

> Flow on, sweet river, like the stream
> Of John's Apocalyptic dream!
> This mapled ridge shall Horeb be,
> Yon green-banked lake our Galilee!
>
> Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
> For olden time and holier shore;
> God's love and blessing then and there,
> Are now and here, and everywhere.

In religious faith, in the narrow sectarian sense, Whittier may be deficient. But the cardinal and eternal spirit of faith, the faith which, as Mrs. Hemans says, "touches all things with the hues of heaven"—this faith is strong and pervading in Whittier. It pours its divine "sweetness and light" over all he sees and handles. In this grand attribute he is like Wordsworth, and in my judgment much beyond Tennyson.

This faith naturally leads to what is another marked and noble characteristic of Whittier—his broad and tender *humanity*. Slowly through the ages, alas too slowly, has crept into human thought, as a pervading and permanent power, this idea of one blood, one value, one dignity, one brotherhood, one fatherhood. Even yet the great conception has to struggle for life and recognition in many lands, and in all lands among some classes. It is embedded in the New Testament, and is occasionally found in heathen literature, but it shares the general condition assigned by Christ to His kingdom, and, as the leaven hid in the meal, it works but slowly through the mass of society. Whittier belongs to a sect whose orthodoxy is rather distrusted by the Churches; but he is conspicuous, and his sect generally has been conspicuous, for a deep practical recognition of the charities of the Gospel, and of the common relation of all men to each other and to God. And what better mission can the poet have than this, of breaking down the barriers by which the rich are separated from the poor, and the men of culture and refinement separated for those who are doomed to

> The squalor of the cities' throng
> The green field's want and woe?

To give examples of this from Whittier, would be to quote a large part of his writings, especially those occasioned by the wrongs and final emancipation of the slave. Other poets have caught inspiration from other sources, but without this gift of sympathy, this tender and hopeful regard for the lowly and suffering, one may almost doubt whither Whittier would have written. This world-wide brotherliness makes a large part of his religion:

> Oh, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
> Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
> *To worship rightly is to love each other*,
> Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

His beautiful poem on "Democracy" bears for its motto our Saviour's golden rule, and reads like an apostrophe to Christ:

> Bearer of freedom's holy light,
> Breaker of slavery's chain and rod,
> The foe of all which pains the sight,
> Or wounds the generous ear of God!
>
> Beneath Thy broad impartial eye,
> How fade the lines of caste and birth!
> How equal in their sufferings lie
> The groaning multitudes of earth!
>
> Still to a stricken brother true,
> Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
> As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
> The worshipper of Gerizim.

Through all disguise, form, place or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the *man* within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soiled, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue Lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to Thee.

Whittier's love to God and love for his fellowman naturally ally themselves with democracy and the interest of the working-classes. I say naturally ally themselves, for a faith and charity that cannot get beyond a favoured few is a poor faith and a poor charity. Rightly understood, democratic rights and interests are the broadly human rights and interests, and these again are largely the rights and interests of the working-classes, for they make up the bulk of the population in all countries. Whittier's anti-slavery poems and his "Songs of Labour" are the outgrowth of one common root. That root is a divine one, and one that it is the business of all Christian people to nourish and protect. We commend to all honest people, and still more to all idle and dishonest people, Whittier's songs upon "The Ship-builders," "The Fishermen," etc., and especially "The Shoemakers," in which last we learn that—

England's priest-craft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches;

which we interpret to mean that all mankind may have direct communion with God without the intervention of sacerdotal middle-men and the sale of indulgences—a great truth proclaimed not only by George Fox but by Martin Luther, John Wesley, and Protestant divines in general.

Whittier played a great part in the struggles of the North for the abolition of slavery, and at times his words on this theme flash with righteous scorn, yet he is never carried away from his candour or large-minded charity, even in his condemnation of pro-slavery men or vacillating New England statesmen. What a tone of sorrowful forgiveness is in his lines upon the recreancy of the great Daniel Webster, a kinsman of his own, who, in an evil hour, with a supposed view to the Presidential chair, lent his mighty influence to the Fugitive Slave Law:

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not—the tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might

Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

The poem of "Ichabod" has been compared to Browning's "Lost Leader":

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

. . . . . .

"He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves.

• • • • • • • • •

"Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more."

"Tragedy," says Lord Lytton, "never leaves the world," and it may be added that out of the tragic scenes of life have sprung the highest works of literature and art, from the Iliad to Hamlet, Lear, and Othello. And the greatest of all tragedies has in Milton produced the grandest of all poems. America repeats the same story. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with its pictures of wrong and its burdens of sorrow, is the most thrilling and famous prose work of this New World, and it has the peculiar merit of having achieved a great political and social revolution, for it gave the death-blow to American slavery. So in Whittier there is much other poetry that is sweet and tender and full of high inspiration, but he rises to his best when touched by the bitter wrongs which came of slavery; and his anti-slavery songs must share the praise with the work of Mrs. Stowe. His poem on the massacre at the Swan's Marsh, in Kansas (Le Marais du Cygne) opens with a startled cry of surprise and horror, betokening a trumpet-call to battle, and after its heart-breaking strains of pathos rolls away into a kind of prophetic shout of victory:

A blush as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn,—
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
O Marais du Cygne!
On death for the strong life,
On red grass for green!

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire;
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The plowman lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!

But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of His harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong:
Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood,—
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

Whittier's poem entitled "Hampton Beach," has been pronounced by an English review to be the finest short poem in the language. It requires infallibility to say that, but certainly it is exceedingly beautiful, both in melody of verse and spirit of teaching. The bursting on the view of the glory and freedom of the open sea to a worn and weary traveller, standing upon the Beach in the clear sunlight and in the fresh bracing air, is somehow made, though with fine and delicate touches of suggestion, to allegorize the relations of our poor mortal life to that infinite freedom, beauty, and glory which lie beyond.

The sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea;
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around

Ha! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes this fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life—the healing of the seas!

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream,
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

Serene and mild the untried light
May have its dawning;
And, as in Summer's northern night
The evening and the dawn unite,
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's new morning.

There is not much in the poetry of Whittier that could be called wit or humour, and yet there are not wanting some examples, among which may be mentioned, "The Demon of the Study," with occasional lines elsewhere. But it is the serious side of life that chiefly engages his fancy, and in this respect he does not differ from the other great American poets, Bryant and Longfellow.

No poet is a better companion for the young, none better adapted to counteract either the immoral thoughtlessness or the depraving pessimism of our time. We commend him as a teacher and consoler to all those who have, in the language of Andrew Ryckman's prayer—

An ear by discord pained,
And are groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies.

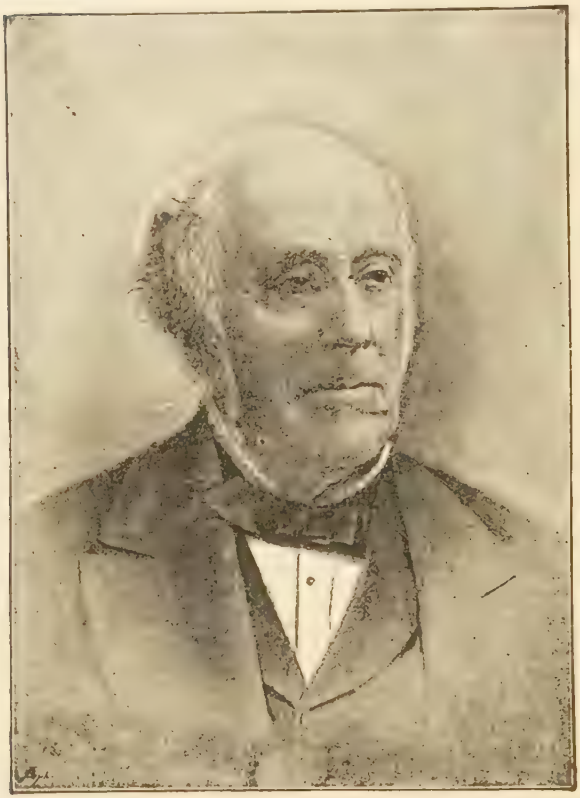
I had marked other poems for quotation and comment, but lest I should exceed my limits I content myself with what I have given, and trust I have done something to increase the number of readers and admirers of this sweet New England poet. Longfellow and Bryant are gone, but Whittier is more truly and distinctively American than either of them, and not second to either in poetic insight, although his verses may be less finely polished, and not so richly marked by scholarship as some of those in Longfellow. Somewhat homely though he be, there is, nevertheless, a delicate perception of what is noble and good, and in some passages a natural grace and melody not surpassed by any of the great masters of song.

I gladly, in closing, adopt the words of President Eliot, of Harvard University: "They who love their country will thank him for the verses, sometimes pathetic, sometimes stirring, which helped to redeem that country from a great sin and shame; they who rejoice in natural beauty will thank him that he has delightfully opened their eyes to the varied charms of the rough New England landscape, by highway, river, mountain, and sea-shore; they who love God will thank him from their hearts for the tenderness and simple trust with which he has sung of the infinite goodness."

"Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect."

THOMAS COOK: THE PRINCE OF GUIDES.*

BY THE REV. J. C. WATTS, D.D.



THOMAS COOK.

On Monday evening, July 18th last, passed away to "the Saints' Everlasting Rest," Thomas Cook, of Leicester, who had travelled much himself, and had done more to facilitate pleasant and economical travel for others than any man of this or any other age. As a true leader of men he was a Pathfinder and Forerunner. He was, in fact, the Columbus of his century, ever discovering new worlds for the tourist to explore and admire, and clearly pointing out the quickest and best way, by land and by sea, to reach them. Ancient and modern cities, marvellous

*We reprint from the *New Connexion Magazine* this article by the accomplished Editor, the Rev. J. C. Watts, D.D., well-known in Canada. It will be read with interest by his many friends in this country.— ED.

mountain scenery, enchanting lakes and mighty forests, the glaciers of Norway and Switzerland, the colossal pyramids of Egypt, the antique splendours of the Holy Land, the modern miracles of Republican growth in the New World with its vast proportions and varied natural beauties, the ancient civilizations of China, Japan, and India undergoing slow but wonderful renovation and transfiguration through the influx of Western life —all, and far more than can here be expressly stated, have been revealed to us by this Prince of Guides.

His enterprise has been, in its results, the most astounding revelation of modern times. Like the divinest of all revelations, it has embraced all classes in its beneficence. Patrician and plebeian, prince and peasant, business men and toiling women, and millions of dear children, have shared in the physical and mental invigouration, the enlargement of knowledge and refinement of taste accruing from the pleasant holidays made possible and enjoyable by the energy and skill of this excellent man. If it was the honour of John the Baptist to "prepare the way of the Lord," it was the high an happy distinction of Thomas Cook, the Leicester Baptist, to prepare a way for unnumbered travellers to visit beautiful lands, of which it may be truthfully said that were it not for him they might have "desired it long," but would have "died without the sight." His name is a household word in every quarter of the habitable globe, and will be held in high and grateful esteem

"Till travelling days are done."

This famous man was born in 1808, at Melbourne, Derbyshire, and was the only son of his mother. When but four years of age, he was left fatherless, and when ten years old he commenced the struggle for livelihood by gardening at *a penny a day!* This was not a paying business, so he tried his hand at selling fruit in Derby market-place. Who would have thought that the man who afterwards became so influential was potential in that sturdy boy! This resolute youth owed much to an uncle who taught him wood-turning. Next we find him at Loughborough, where he found employment in the bookselling and printing business of a Mr. Winks, who, fortunately, was a religious man of the General Baptist denomination. There he learned that Christ's love was world-wide, and his own sympathies were so broadened that they became world-wide too. This was the crisis of his life. "Old things passed away; all things became new." The love of Jesus touched and changed his heart.

Thenceforward he was a decided Christian, and, of course, united with the Church, and threw himself with all his natural heartiness into Christian work. He made so good an impression by his character and zeal upon all who came into contact with him, that at the age of twenty, he was appointed village missionary and Bible reader for Rutlandshire. His diary proves that in 1829 he travelled no less than 2,692 miles, of which 2,162 miles were on

foot. It is evident that he had not accepted the Levite's office "for a morsel of bread," but that he was as conscientious as he was active. Indeed, this was a chief and honourable characteristic of the man—he put conscience into everything. He did not and could not meanly content himself by merely filling in the time—doing as little as possible, and spreading that little over as much time as possible; but he made the most and best of life in faithful service for God and his fellowmen.

He became a total abstainer, and threw himself into this noble cause with characteristic earnestness. He was appointed secretary of the Midland Temperance Association, and started the *Temperance Magazine*, edited *The Temperance Messenger*, issued temperance pamphlets at his own expense, and travelled far and wide delivering temperance addresses, making the cause popular by his eloquence, and spreading it rapidly on every hand by his indomitable energy. Wood-turner, Baptist missionary, editor, and temperance lecturer—in harmonious combination—exhibit the ability and versatility of this devoted man. Surely it is "better to wear out than to rust out!" But this active philanthropist lived to eighty-four years of age, and we have no doubt that his industry and sobriety had much to do with his longevity. Other circumstances being equal, the total abstainer has the best chance of a long life and a happy one.

It was in connection with his total abstinence work that the idea first struck him which led to the complete and world-embracing organization for cheap and popular travel with which his name will be for ever honourably associated. He always insisted that the parties he or his agents conducted should rest on the Sabbath Day and should maintain sobriety, so that the tourists might do honour to themselves, to him, and to the great Christian nation whence they had come.

On July 5th, 1841 Cook's *first* excursion started from Market Harborough to Leicester, with no fewer than 570 passengers. The people went there and back for *one* shilling each, the children at half-price, and to this day the nimble shining shilling is the popular excursion fare between the two towns. The event caused a great stir, and the passengers returned at half-past ten at night, to find their town greatly excited. The cheering of the populace almost drowned the playing of the band. Mr. Cook's first essay proved a great success. He had to give up wood-turning, though he continued for a while to issue books. During the summers of 1842-44 his time was, however, fully occupied in arranging and executing excursions for Sunday-schools and temperance societies. Various places of interest were visited, and through the sagacious co-operation of the railway companies, specially the Midland, the charges were very small; thus the return fare from Derby to Rugby was but one shilling (6d. for children). This was for 100 miles, and we doubt if now, half a century later, there are any cheaper excursions.

From this humble beginning Mr. Cook advanced to the conquest of the world. He took up his residence in Leicester, where he

speedily organized trips to Derby, Nottingham, and Birmingham, carrying in some of them, between 4,000 and 5,000 people. Then came excursions to Liverpool, the Isle of Man, and Dublin. Scotland was opened next. An opportunity was offered for riding from Leicester to Glasgow and back, about 800 miles, for a guinea. In the hand-book which Mr. Cook prepared for this trip, he says with pardonable pride, "This is a privilege which no previous generation ever had offered to them."

In 1850 Mr. Cook writes, "I had become so thoroughly imbued with the tourist spirit that I began to contemplate foreign trips, including the Continent of Europe, the United States, and the Eastern Lands of the Bible." The great Exhibition of 1851 gave an immense impulse to, what may be designated with singular propriety, the movement.

In 1865, an office was opened in London, and Mr. Cook's son, Mr. J. M. Cook, came into partnership. "Some of the operations which the firm carried through were gigantic. Thus they conveyed to Paris, at the time of the Exhibition in 1867, no fewer than 20,000 persons, and actually raised buildings to house them and nearly 12,000 were thus accommodated. [In 1878 and 1889, the numbers carried and entertained were enormously increased—Ed]. The Palestine tours began in 1868, when Mr. Cook also took his first party up the Nile as far as the First Cataract. Then came the Indian tours, and the girdling of the globe—the trip round the world.

"Perhaps a greater testimony to the probity and reliability of the firm could not be given than when the late Duke of Clarence —Prince Albert Victor—and Prince George of Wales travelled in the Holy Land, the arrangements were confided to Messrs. Cook, and a very gratifying testimonial was sent to them as to the 'utmost satisfaction afforded.' Again, at the time of the Relief Expedition for General Gordon at Khartoum, this firm was entrusted with the onerous duty of conveying troops and stores. To accomplish this, they had twenty-eight steamers running between England and Egypt, [at one time, fifty] twenty-seven steamers and 650 sailing vessels on the Nile. They also employed 5,000 fellaheen—men and boys—of Lower Egypt. The record of the firm is one of constant increase and expansion of operations, and this in spite of difficulties and rebuffs. During 1890, no less than 3,262,159 travelling tickets to all parts of the world were issued by them. Success has been achieved in the face of many and heavy hindrances."

For fifty-six years Mr. Cook had been an abstainer, and his son has been an abstainer from his birth. During the latter years of his life, Mr. Cook was afflicted with partial blindness. "He enjoyed to the highest degree the esteem and regard of his fellow-townsmen in Leicester, by whom his career was regarded as an honour to the town with which so large a part of it was identified. Mr. Cook was distinguished not more for the administrative capacity and enterprise, amounting to genius, which made him famous the world over, than for the deep religious spirit and unswerving

adherence to principle which characterized his whole life. He was a liberal giver to Christian and philanthropic objects. In his benefactions his birthplace—Melbourne, in Derbyshire—was not forgotten. His memory will be handed down there by the handsome Memorial Cottages which he has caused to be erected for the benefit of the poor."

This fact must ever be borne in mind, if you wish to form a true estimate of the man, that his great aim in life was to benefit mainly the working-classes, by providing for them facilities to see foreign countries and to take holidays at the seaside in our own land, amid scenes sublime and beautiful, privileges which previously could only be enjoyed by the wealthier classes. The result is a great improvement in the health and morals of the community. Should it not be a matter of rejoicing to all generous minds that the horny-handed sons of toil, their wearied wives and children, can occasionally get away from their grimy surroundings, and in the bright summer days tread the golden sands and enjoy an exhilarating dip in the deep blue sea? This generous and enterprising man has greatly widened the circle of human happiness, sympathy, and fellowship. True to the people of his humble origin, true to the robust Nonconformity in which he was reared, and true to the God whom he reverently loved, he has in a ripe old age passed away to his eternal rest and reward.

NOVEMBER.

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past my window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial time:
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime—
Yet I am not as one that grieves;

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The Mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier—
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS OF MODERN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

ASIA.

"The night is well-nigh spent, my soul,
The night is well-nigh spent;
And soon above our heads shall rise
A glorious firmament,
A sky all clear, and glad and bright,
The Lamb once slain, its perfect light,
A star without a cloud,
Whose light no mists enshroud,
Descending never!"

Burmah and Siam.

Adoniram Judson and his wife, with other missionaries, were sent out from America to India. On their arrival at Calcutta they were ordered to be put on board a ship and sent to England. Judson and his wife, however, escaped to the Isle of France. An order was sent to the governor, Sir Evan Nepean, to expel them, but, being a man of deep religious feeling, he secured instead their residence in the country till the next year (1813), when the arbitrary power of the East India Company was broken. They ultimately arrived in Rangoon, Burmah. The first baptism of a convert took place in 1819—six years after Judson's arrival.

In 1823 war broke out with England. The Burmese entered upon it with great spirit. Being ignorant and very conceited, they anticipated speedy victory and great glory. On gaily caparisoned boats they went dancing and singing to meet the enemy—their only anxiety being lest "the cock-feather chief" should get away before there was time to catch any of his army for slaves. One Burmese lady sent an order for four English soldiers to manage her household, as she had heard they were "trustworthy," while a courtier sent an order for six "to row his boat." From this it is evident that during the intervening centuries, the reputation of Britons for making efficient slaves had considerably advanced since the time when Cicero advised a Roman general to make slaves of all his prisoners except the Britons, who, he said, were too lazy and illiterate for any good! It is well to look betimes at "the hole of the pit whence we were digged."

The Burmese were everywhere defeated. "Seize the missionaries," cried the people in revenge. Judson was thrown into the death-prison at Ava, Mrs. Judson, however, being left free. The record of her devotion during these trying nine months, makes one of the most thrilling chapters in all the history of female heroism. "The annals in the East present us with no parallel." Burmah was finally annexed to British India in 1886.

(For the latest missionary statistics of Burmah, see the "Summary of Mission Work in Asia," page 481).

The Karens.

Scattered throughout Burmah and parts of Siam and China, is a race inhabiting jungles and mountainous districts. These are the Karens, or "wild men of Burmah." The Burmese virtually made slaves of them.

About 1826 Judson purchased the freedom of the first Karen convert, Ko-thah-byu. He became a preacher, and had wonderful success. His name will never be forgotten so long as the annals of Christianity are written. Boardman was also a successful missionary amongst them. Though the people offered sacrifices to propitiate demons, they had no idols. They welcomed the Bible in their own tongue, as they had a tradition that books once existed in their language, although they had no literature of any kind. No people were ever discovered who were so prepared to receive the Gospel.

The fiftieth anniversary of the first convert was celebrated in 1878—fourteen years ago. To commemorate this event, they built a Jubilee Memorial Hall at a cost of $15,000, for school and mission purposes. It represented 20,000 then living disciples. At the present time there are about 30,000 baptized members, and 100,000 adherents. They have a missionary society of their own, sending agents to people of other tongues. In 1880 Burmah ranked third on the list of donors to the Baptist Missionary Union—only Massachusetts and New York outranking her. And of $31,616 from Burmah, the Karen churches contributed over $30,000.

Siam.

Siam is called "the land of the white elephant." It has a population of six millions. Its capital is Bangkok, "the Venice of the Orient," with a population of about 400,000. The only mission in the kingdom is carried on by the American Baptists. The present king is about thirty-eight years of age, and is the first King of Siam who ever travelled abroad. Next to the Mikado of Japan, he is pronounced to be "the most progressive sovereign of Asia." For many years the missionaries enjoyed high favour at the court. In one of their reports, as far back as 1855, the missionaries of the American Baptist Society express grave doubts whether they can justify making themselves useful to the king by translating official documents, instead of giving their whole time to preaching the Gospel. Fancy Jesuits in the same circumstances burdened with such scruples!

(For the latest missionary statistics of Siam, see the "Summary of Mission Work in Asia," page 181.)

India.

Population and Religions.

The official census of India for 1891 has just been published. The population numbers 288,159,672—more than four times the inhabitants of the United States. Of every six infants born into the world, one has its natal home in India. Of the above population the Hindus number 207,654,407; the Mussulmans, 57,365,204; the

Forest Tribes (animal worshippers), 9,402,083; Buddhists, 7,101,057; and the Christians, 2,284,191. The balance is composed of Jains, Sikhs, Parsees, Jews, Atheists, and Agnostics (the two latter classes together numbering 289). This enormous population is kept quiet by only 60,000 English troops, assisted by native auxiliaries. The population in the province of Bengal numbers 500 to the square mile; in British India, 233; in the whole of India, 179. In India there are 150 spoken languages and dialects, seven of which may be considered chief languages. The capital is Calcutta.

Opposition to Missionaries.

The policy of the East India Company was decidedly antagonistic to the admission of missionaries into India. In 1793 (the year Carey arrived), Mr. Lushington, a director said, "if there were only a hundred thousand natives converted to Christianity, he should hold it as the greatest calamity that could befall India." Another of the directors said he "would rather see a band of devils than a band of missionaries in India." In 1813, Wilberforce, in the House of Commons, in spite of most determined opposition, led a movement against the Company to compel the toleration of missionaries, and won. He said: "I heard afterwards that many good men were praying for us all night." In writing to his wife he said: "Blessed be God, we carried our question triumphantly about three or later this morning." But even as late as 1852, over three and three quarter millions of dollars were paid from public funds to repair temples, support a pagan priesthood, and provide new idols and idol cars! When the first tidings of the mutiny reached the India House, one of the directors threw up his hat and shouted, "Hurrah, now we shall get rid of the saints." Vain prediction. The saints got rid of them. Their power was abolished by the British Parliament in the following year.

First Missionaries.

The three great names connected with Protestant missions in India, are Schwartz, Carey, and Duff. The pioneer mission was undertaken by the King of Denmark who sent out missionaries in 1706. The first converts were five slaves baptized in 1707; the first Protestant church was opened in the same year, and by 1711 missionary Ziegenbalg had completed the translation of the New Testament into the Tamil language, which is spoken by fifteen millions of people.

Schwartz, of the same mission, arrived in 1750. His personal influence was so great that both the English and Rajahs alike desired to use it. Sultan Hyder Ali, the bitter foe of the English, positively refused to trust any ambassador save Schwartz. "Send me the Christian," he cried, "he will not deceive me." At his death in 1798, both the Rajah of Tanjore and the East India Company erected memorial churches in his honour.

Carey, the founder of the first British missionary society, who had been refused a passage on any English ship, arrived at Calcutta by a Danish vessel in 1793. The East India Company endeavoured to have him expelled, but the Danish governor invited

him to the little settlement at Serampore, and protected him there. He was soon joined by Marshman and Ward, and in course of time was appointed professor of Sanskrit in Fort William College, being the best scholar of that language in India, or perhaps, in the world. Thus the humble cobbler developed into the learned "Dr." Carey. He had a peculiar gift in learning languages, and before he died translated the Bible into thirty-six of the spoken dialects of India. Duff arrived in 1830. He made a distinct departure by making a specialty of education in connection with mission work.

The Wesleyans began a mission as early as 1814 in Ceylon, and now have extensive missions in Madras, Mysore, Calcutta and Lucknow. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States has prosperous missions in Oudh and the north-west provinces.

Even in conservative India, quiet but important changes are being constantly inaugurated. The agitation for increasing by law the marriageable age, is likely to be successful. Medical and Zenana missions are also increasing at a remarkable rate. The scheme which Lady Dufferin began seven years ago, for the amelioration of the physical condition of the women of India, is already producing striking results. Last year 466,000 women received medical treatment. A wide field is hereby opened for lady medical missionaries.

The Telugu Mission.

The great revival among the Telugus in the south of India, deserves special mention. Their language is spoken by sixteen millions of people. For many years the American Baptists had a mission there, marked on their map by a red star, their only mission on that side of the Bay of Bengal. For thirty years they laboured with scarcely any success, till at last at their annual meeting in Albany, N.Y., in 1853, it was seriously proposed to abandon what came to be called their "lone star mission." The proposal was opposed, and the discussion led Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," to write what proved to be a prophetic hymn, commencing with:

> "Shine on Lone Star! thy radiance bright,
> Shall yet illume the western sky," etc.

In 1877 the revival began. The people came to the missionaries in thousands, piling up their idols in the missionaries' back yard, and asking for baptism. The missionaries had no leisure even to eat, and were staggered by success. Had they come one at a time they would have known what to do, but when they came in thousands, the task of examining and deciding who were fit for baptism was very trying indeed. In 1866 the converts only numbered 38; in 1877, 4,517; in 1878, 10,000; in 1890, 33,838. Within six months in 1878, 10,000 converts were baptized near the town of Ongole. Thirty thousand have become converted in twelve years. In one day, 2,222 converts were baptized—"the nearest parallel to Pentecost since the Book of Acts closed." It is doubted whether in all missionary history there is a better illustration of the passage—"a nation born in a day."

Increase of Christianity.

In 1851 there were twenty-one native ordained pastors in India; in 1891, 912, a growth of forty-three-fold in forty years. The increase of native Protestant Christians the first fifty years, was twenty-five fold; between 1851 and 1891 (forty years) the increase has been eighty-fold. During the last decade (1881–91), the Hindu population increased ten per cent.; the Mussulman, fourteen, and the Christian population, twenty-two per cent.

(For the latest mission statistics of India, consult the "Summary of Mission Work in Asia," page 481.)

Japan.

Japan consists of several large islands to the north-east of China, containing a population of 40,072,020, and is the most progressive of all the Asiatic nations.

Edict Against Christianity.

Roman Catholic missionaries early entered the country, but by their political intrigues were ultimately driven out, and Japan became hermetically sealed against foreigners for 219 years. The following edict was posted up at all the leading cross-ways in the empire:

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command shall pay for it with his head."

This edict was not taken down till 1873—fifteen years after the country was opened to foreigners. Even after the restoration of the Mikado in 1868, penal laws against the "evil sect" were re-enacted, and as late as 1871 the teacher employed by a missionary, who had asked to be baptized, was thrown into prison, where he died, November, 1872.

The Opening of the Country.

In consequence of the complaints of American seamen who had been wrecked off the coast of Japan, the United States Government sent Commodore Perry to arrange matters with the Japanese Government. He dropped anchor in Yeddo Bay in 1853. After five years' deliberations, certain ports, by the Townsend-Harris Treaty were thrown open to the Western world, which treaty went into effect the following year. Three missionary societies were ready to enter at once. Drs. Cochran and McDonald, the first Canadian Methodist missionaries, went out in 1873.

Progress of the Empire.

Since the treaty above referred to, the progress of the country has been without parallel. Thirty-one years ago Japan had no newspaper, but by 1886 she was publishing over two thousand —more than in Italy, or Austria, or Spain, or Russia, or in all Asia. In 1881 the total of literary publications was above 5,000. The Roman characters are displacing the signs of their own alphabet. In 1873, the calendar of Christian nations displaced the pagan.

In 1876, the national "fifth day" gave way to the "one day in seven." The establishment of schools and universities, along with the construction of ships, railways, and telegraphs, is progressing at a most amazing rate. Their postal system is one of the best in the world. In 1890 they elected a Parliament under a written constitution.

Progress of Christianity.

One evening in 1860, Murata picked up a book floating in the water. The writing to him seemed to be curious, running from side to side like "the crawling of crabs." It was the Christian Bible. He took it to Dr. Verbeck, of the Dutch settlement at Nagasaki, for interpretation. In consequence Murata's name now stands first on the roll of Protestant Christians in Japan.

The Christians number about one in 2,000 of the population; in no province do they even approach a majority, yet one in twenty-eight of the new Parliament is a church member. In the House of Peers there are three professed Christians. Eleven Christians were elected as members of the first House of Representatives, one of whom has had the high honour of being chosen as its first president.

In 1865 the first convert was enrolled; in 1872 the first Christian congregation was formed at Yokohama with eleven members. The converts have doubled every three years since. If the same ratio should continue, by 1900 there will be 256,000 members. Dr. Seelye, at the meeting of the American Board at Syracuse, in 1879, said: "We talk about the early triumphs of Christianity, but the early records of the Church, bright as they may be, pale in the light of what is taking place before our eyes at the present time. Even Madagascar offers nothing to compare with Japan."

(For the latest mission statistics of Japan, consult the "Summary of Mission Work in Asia," page 481.)

China.

Population.

Various estimates have been made of the population of China. The Chinese ambassador in Paris stated it to be 400,000,000. Dr. Legge, forty years a missionary in China, and now professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, thinks no one can say anything more definite than this.

Several expedients have been adopted by various writers on China, to enable the mind to take this "great idea" in, such as the following: If one should count 2,000 an hour, day and night without stopping, it would take him twenty days to count one million—and yet China contains four hundred millions. The population is more than six times as large as the United States. The population of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, France, and Russia combined only make sixty-one per cent. of the population of China. Should all come over to the Dominion at once, the Canadians would be out-voted eighty to one. If all the world were placed in a row, every fourth man, woman, or child would be

a Chinaman, a Chinese woman, or a Chinese child; in other words, to evangelize China means to evangelize one-quarter of the population of the globe. Thirty-three thousand (more than in the city of London, Ont.) die every day; and as many as the population of the whole Dominion are buried every five months.

Extent and Resources.

China can be dissected into 104 Englands, or 176 Scotlands; it is seven times the size of France, and has one plain greater by half than the German empire. One river is larger than even the Mississippi. Lay China on the United States and it will overrun into the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean. It is divided into eighteen provinces, each one on an average nearly as large as Great Britain.

Its coal-fields are twenty times greater than those of all Europe. The conditions of its climate and soil have made intercourse with the rest of the world needless, teeming millions having been sustained there since the patriarchal age.

History.

When Abraham was leaving Ur of Chaldea, Chinese astronomers made observations which have since been verified. Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome have all risen and fallen since its history began. With the mariner's compass, porcelain, and gunpowder, the Chinese were familiar hundreds of years in advance of other nations. They were dressed in silk when the inhabitants of Britain wore coats of blue paint. They manufactured paper 1,200 years before it was known in Europe, and invented printing 500 years before Caxton was born. Their laws were codified 2,000 years ago, and have been revised every five years since. They had a lexicon of their language 1,700 years ago—still a standard. China was 700 years old when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. She had already existed 1,500 years, when Isaiah (Isa. xlix. 12) prophesied of her future conversion. Her civilization is founded upon Confucius, who was born 550 B.C., and whose death preceded the birth of Socrates.

The Chinese text-books are the same as they were 2,000 years ago. Their geography gives nine-tenths of the globe to China, a square inch to England, and the United States and Canada are left out altogether. They still think China celestial as compared with other nations. Their isolation is founded upon inordinate conceit arising from ignorance. Consequently, when Westerners attempt to preach to them salvation through Christ, they scornfully ask: What can these people teach us, who themselves only yesterday emerged from barbarism?

The Opening of China.

The taking of Canton, China, by the English in 1840, followed by the ceding of Hong Kong, and the opening of five cities, paved the way for the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858 by which Christianity was tolerated. On the authority of Hon. W. B. Reed, American ambassador, toleration was introduced at the suggestion of the Chinese officials themselves.

The Roman Catholics have had missionaries in China for nearly 600 years. In 1870 they claimed 404,530 adherents, and yet in all that time they have not given the Bible to the Chinese, nor any portion of it. Morrison was the first Protestant missionary, arriving there in 1807. By 1819, he had, with the assistance of Milne, the whole Bible translated into the language. During his whole career in China, he could only work for Christ in secret.

Opening of Methodist Missions.

The Wesleyan mission to China, commenced strangely. George Piercy, son of a Yorkshire farmer, applied to the Conference to be sent there. They were not prepared to open a mission then, and it is not very clear he would have been sent even if they had been. He solemnly believed, however, that it was his duty to go, and go he would, and go he did. He returned written answers to the usual disciplinary questions for the reception of candidates (having, of course, no chairman or district meeting to examine him), with the result that he was duly received.

The circumstances attending the opening of the Methodist Episcopal U.S. mission were somewhat similar. J. D. Collins wrote to Bishop Janes to place his application before the Board once more, and should they decline, asked that a passage might be engaged for him before the mast, on the first vessel sailing for China, adding, "my own strong arm can pull me to China, and support me after I get there."

The Emperor and Empress.

On December 1st, 1891, the Emperor of China, under two tutors, commenced the study of English. His text-book is "The Model First Reader," an American school book, handsomely illustrated. It is to be feared that the reading in English of the latest Chinese Exclusion Bill, passed by the Congress at Washington, would not be promotive of his usual good nature!

A few years ago, a pious lady at Pekin called on a Manchu lady of high rank, and read some portions of the Scriptures. A young lady present listened to the old Gospel story with interest. When the Christian visitor had concluded, she said: "I am glad you have come to tell me this. Some day I will have a place built where people can meet to worship this God, and hear this Gospel preached." That young lady is now the Empress of China. She recently permitted a student of the Mission College to explain Christianity to her, remarking at the close, "I understand the Christian doctrine much better now."

Progress of Christianity.

The progress of Christianity in China has been discouragingly slow—more so than in any other portion of the globe. At the end of seven years, Morrison had one convert; at his death in 1834, there were only four. Fifteen years after the translation of the Bible (a work which occupied twelve years of time), there were only four native Christians in the whole empire to read it. In 1843 there were six converts reported; in 1855, 361; in 1863, 2,000; in 1873,

6,000; in 1882, 20,000; in 1885, 25,000. In 1890 the Shanghai Conference reported 31,000 communicants, and 100,000 native nominal Christians; in 1891 the communicants returned number 40,350. This represents the gain during forty-nine years, as work only fairly began in 1842, when China first became open for resident missionaries at the treaty ports. Taking simply the ratio of increase, Dr. Legge, at the London Conference, said: "The converts have multiplied during thirty-five years at least two-thousand-fold, the rate of increase being greater year after year. Suppose it should continue the same for other thirty-five years, then in A.D. 1913, there will be in China twenty-six millions of communicants, and a professedly Christian community of one hundred millions."

A memorable missionary conference was held at Shanghai in 1890. More than 400 delegates, representing over forty separate organizations, were present. One decision arrived at will have a far-reaching influence, namely, to undertake the production of a *Standard Version* of the Bible, which in various editions may suit alike the scholar and the peasant. The difficulty in making such a version may be learned from the fact that the language has a singular incapacity for expressing sacred ideas, so much so that for half a century translators have doubted what name to use for God—"the Chinese tongue seeming to be Satan's master-device to exclude the Gospel." (For latest missionary statistics of China, see table below.)

SUMMARY OF MISSION WORK IN ASIA.

(Compiled principally from "Encyclopedia of Missions," Funk & Wagnalls, 1891.)

COUNTRY.	Population.	No. of Societies.	Stations.	Ordained Missionaries	Native Ordained Ministers.	Churches.	Sabbath School Scholars.	Common Schools.	Communicants.	Native Contributions for all purposes.
Arabia	8,500,000	1	1	1	.....	.....	.....	2	.....	.....
Persia	7,653,600	3	11	22	44	27	5,210	177	2,399	$2,200
Turkey, Bulgaria & Syria	27,078,275	11	402	98	117	147	31,611	640	14,938	54,022
Burmah	8,000,000	3	622	44	147	521	3,957	449	29,816	52,312
Siam	6,000,000	1	5	13	1	42	676	21	1,114	304
India	288,159,672	40	4,223	816	912	1,855	117,707	6,574	222,283	477,283
Corea	13,000,000	2	2	6	2	2	43	.....	149	.....
Japan	40,072,020	18	422	175	131	207	17,092	72	29,663	99,403
China	*400,000,000	30	1,071	537	247	439	10,377	700	40,350	36,865
Totals	798,463,567	109	6,759	1,712	1,601	3,240	186,673	8,635	340,712	722,389

WOODSTOCK, Ont.

*Estimate of Chinese Ambassador in Paris.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

THE OPEN PAGE OF THE HEAVENS.

The Greeks set their mythological deities in the skies, and read the revolving pictures as a starry poem. Not that they were the first to set the blazonry of the stars as monuments of their thought; we read certain allusions to stars and asterims as far back as the time of Job. And the Pleiades, Arcturus, and Orion are some of the names used by Him who "calleth all the stars by their names, in the greatness of his power." Homer and Hesiod, 750 B.C., allude to a few stars and groups. The Arabians very early speak of the Great Bear; but the Greeks completely nationalized the heavens. They colonized the earth widely, but the heavens completely; and nightly over them marched the grand procession of their apotheosized divinities. There Hercules perpetually wrought his mighty labours for the good of man; there flashed and faded the changeful star Algol, as an eye in the head of the snaky-haired Medusa; over them flew Pegasus, the winged horse of the poet, careering among the stars; there the ship *Argo,* which had explored all strange seas of earth, nightly sailed in the infinite realms of heaven; there Perseus perpetually killed the sea-monster by celestial aid, and perpetually won the chained Andromeda for his bride. Very evident was their recognition of divine help: equally evident was their assertion of human ability and dominion. They gathered the illimitable stars, and put uncountable suns into the shape of the Great Bear—the most colossal form of animal ferocity and strength—across whose broad forehead imagination grows weary in flying; but they did not fail to put behind him a representative of themselves, who forever drives him around a sky that never sets—a perpetual type that man's ambition and expectation correspond to that which has always been revealed as the divine.

The heavens signify much higher power and wisdom to us; we retain the old pictures and groupings for the convenience of finding individual stars. The heaven is rather indeterminably laid out in irregular tracts, and the mythological names are preserved. An acquaintance with the names, peculiarities, and movements of the stars visible at different seasons of the year is an unceasing source of pleasure. It is not vision alone that is gratified, for one fine enough may hear the morning stars sing together, and understand the speech that day uttereth unto day, and the knowledge that night showeth unto night. One never can be alone if he is familiarly acquainted with the stars. On the wide ocean he is commercing with the skies, his rapt soul sitting in his

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eyes. Under the clear skies of the East he hears God's voice speaking to him, as to Abraham, and saying, "Look now toward the heavens, and tell the number of the stars, if thou be able to number them."

A superficial examination of stars scarcely touches the subject. The heavens signify much more to us than to the Greeks. We revolve under a dome that investigation has infinitely enlarged from their estimate. Our vast worlds are connected by a force so fine that it seems to pass out of the realm of the material into that of the spiritual. Ours finds no symbol, but rises to the Almighty. Their heavens were full of fighting Orions, wild bulls, chained Andromedas, and devouring monsters. Our heaven's are significant of harmony and unity; all worlds carried by one force, and all harmonized into perfect music. All their voices blend their various significations into a personal speaking, which says, "Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" There is no searching of his understanding. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created all these things, that brought out their host by number, that calleth them all by their names in the greatness of His power; for that He is strong in power not one faileth.

We find about five thousand stars visible to the naked eye in the whole heavens, both north and south. Of these twenty are of the first magnitude We think we can easily number the stars; but train a six-inch telescope on a little section of the Twins, where six faint stars are visible, and over three thousand luminous points appear. There are 18,000,000 stars in the zone called the Milky Way. When our eyes are not sensitive enough to be affected by the light of far-off stars, the tasimeter feels their heat, and tells us the word of their Maker is true—"they are innumerable."

If we look up during the summer months nearly overhead at the star Lyræ, east of Vega, we shall see with the naked eye that the star appears a little elongated. Turn your opera-glass upon it, and two stars appear. Turn a larger telescope on this double star, and each of the components separate into two. It is a double double star. We know that if two stars are near in reality, and not simply apparently so by being in the same line of sight, they must revolve around a common centre of gravity, or rush to a common ruin. Eagerly we watch to see if they revolve. A few years suffice to show them in actual revolution. Nay, the movement of revolution has been decided before the companion star was discovered. Sirius has long been known to have a proper motion, such as it would have if another sun were revolving about it. Even the direction of the unseen body could always be indicated. In February, 1862, Alvan Clark, artist, poet, and maker of telescopes (which requires even greater genius than to be both poet and artist), discovered the companion of Sirius just in its predicted place. As a matter of fact, one of Mr. Clark's sons saw it first; but their fame is one. The time of revolution of this pair is fifty years. But one companion does not meet the

conditions of the movements. Here must also be one or more planets too small or dark to be seen.

The meaning of these double stars is that two or more suns revolve about their centre of gravity, as the moon and earth about their centre. If they have planets, as doubtless they have, the movement is no more complicated than the planets we call satellites of Saturn revolving about their central body, and also about the sun. Kindle Saturn and Jupiter to a blaze, or let out their possible light, and our system would appear a triple star in the distance. Doubtless, in the far past, before these giant planets were cooled, it so appeared.

We find some stars double, others triple, quadruple, octuple, and multiple. It is an extension of the same principles that govern our system. Some of these suns are so far asunder that they can swing their Neptunes between them, with less perturbation than Uranus and Neptune have in ours. Light all our planets, and there would be a multiple star with more or less suns seen, according to the power of the instrument. Suns are of all ages. Infinite variety fills the sky. It is as preposterous to expect that every system or world should have analogous circumstances to ours at the present time, as to insist that every member of a family should be of the same age, and in the same state of development. There are worlds that have not yet reached the conditions of habitability by men, and worlds that have passed these conditions long since. Let them go. There are enough left, and an infinite number in the course of preparation. Some are fine and lasting enough to be eternal mansions.

The special glory of colour in the stars is seen in the marked contrasts presented in the double and multiple stars. The larger star is usually white, still in the intensity of heat and vibration; the others, smaller, are somewhat cooled off, and hence present colours lower down the scale of vibration, as green, yellow, orange, and even red.

That stars should change colour is most natural. Many causes would produce this effect. The ancients said Sirius was red. It is now white. The change that would most naturally follow mere age and cooling would be from white, through various colours, to red. We are charmed with the variegated flowers of our gardens of earth, but He who makes the fields blush with flowers under the warm kisses of the sun, has planted His wider gardens of space with coloured stars. "The rainbow flowers of the footstool, and the starry flowers of the throne," proclaim one being as the author of them all.

From double and multiple we naturally come to groups and clusters. Allusion has been made to the Hyades, Pleiades, etc. Everyone has noticed the Milky Way. It seems like two irregular streams of compacted stars. It is not supposed that they are necessarily nearer together than the stars in the sparse regions about the pole. But the 18,000,000 suns belonging to our system are arranged within a space represented by a flattened disk.

There are two possibilities of thought concerning these clusters.

Either that they belong to our stellar system, and hence the stars must be small and young, or they are another universe of millions of suns, so far away that the inconceivable distances between the stars are shrunken to a hand's-breadth, and their unbearable splendour of innumerable suns can only make a gray haze at the distance at which we behold them. The latter is the older and grander thought; the former the newer and better substantiated.

The gorgeous clusters we have been considering appear to the eye or the small telescope as little cloudlets of hazy light. One after another were resolved into stars; and the natural conclusion was, that all would yield and reveal themselves to be clustered suns, when we had telescopes of sufficient power. But the spectroscope, seeing not merely form but substance also, shows that some of them are not stars in any sense, but masses of glowing gas. Nebulæ are of all conceivable shapes—circular, annular, oval, lenticular, conical, spiral, snake-like, looped, and nameless.

When Herschel was sweeping the heavens with his telescope, and saw but few stars, he often said to his assistant, "Prepare to write; the nebulæ are coming." They are most abundant where the stars are least so. A zone about the heavens 30° wide, with the Milky Way in the centre, would include one-fourth of the celestial sphere; but instead of one-fourth, we find nine-tenths of the stars in this zone, and but one-tenth of the nebulæ.

These immense masses of unorganized matter are noticed to change their forms, vary their light greatly, but not quickly; they change through the ages. "God works slowly."

There are many unsolved problems connected with these strange bodies. Whether they belong to our system, or are beyond it, is not settled; the weight of evidence leans to the first view.

Our sun gives a variable amount of light, changing through a period of eleven years. Probably every star, if examined by methods sufficiently delicate and exact, would be found to be variable. The variations of some stars are so marked as to challenge investigation. Lyræ has two maxima and minima of light. The variations of one hundred and forty-three stars have been well ascertained.

The stars may have opaque planets revolving about them, shutting off their light; they may rotate, and have unequally illuminated sides; they may revolve in very elliptical orbits, so as to greatly alter their distance from us; they may be so situated in regard to zones of meteorites, as to call down periodically vast showers; but none or all of these suppositions apply to all cases, if they do to any.

Allusion has already been made to the sudden brightening of our sun on the first day of September, 1859. That was caused, no doubt, by the fall of large meteors, following in the train of the comet of 1843, or some other comet. What the effect would have been, had the whole mass of the comet been absorbed, cannot be imagined.

We call the stars *fixed*, but motion and life are necessary to all things. Besides the motion in the line of sight described already,

there is motion in every direction. We knew Sirius moved before we had found the cause. We know that our sun moves back and forth in his easy bed one-half his vast diameter, as the larger planets combine their influence on one side or the other.

The sun has another movement. We find the stars in Hercules gradually spreading from each other. Hercules' brawny limbs grow brawnier every century. There can be but one cause: we are approaching that quarter of the heavens. We are even able to compute the velocity of our approach; it is eight miles a second. The stars in the opposite quarter of the heavens in the Dove are drawing nearer together.

This movement would have no effect on the apparent place of the stars at either pole, if they were all equally distant; but it must greatly extend or contract the apparent space between them, since they are situated at various distances.

Independent of this, the stars themselves are all in motion, but so vast is the distance from which we observe them, that it has taken an accumulation of centuries before they could be made measurable. A train going forty miles an hour, seen from a distance of two miles, almost seems to stand still

These movements are not in fortuitous or chaotic ways, but are doubtless in accordance with some perfect plan. We have climbed up from revolving earth and moon to revolving planets and sun, in order to understand how two or ten suns can revolve about a common centre. Let us now leap to the grander idea that all the innumerable stars of a winter night not only can, but must revolve about some centre of gravity. Men have been looking for a central sun of suns, and have not found it. None is needed. Two suns can balance about a point; all suns can swing about a common centre. That one unmoving centre may be that city more gorgeous than Eastern imagination ever conceived, whose pavement is transparent gold, whose walls are precious stones, whose light is life, and where no dark planetary bodies ever cast shadows. There reigns the King and Lord of all, and ranged about are the far-off provinces of his material systems. They all move in his sight, and receive power from a mind that never wearies.

A NOVEMBER AFTERNOON.

The long and sad week's wind, like any child,
Has sobbed itself to sleep. This morning's rain
Has strewn the stairway with the petals wild,
Red, ragged, of my sweet, last rose. The lane
Shows me the tall thorn-bush, blackened and bare,
Clasped to its heart a dangling, empty nest.
A few dull yellow leaves stir here and there,
And all the air is clear from east to west.
The year, I think, lies dreaming of the May,
As old men dream of youth, that loved, lost thing.
A spring-like thrill is in this weather gray.
I wait to hear some thrush begin to sing;
And half expect, as up and down I go,
To see my neighbour's cherry-boughs ablow!

—*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

THE HISTORY OF A FAILURE.*

BY E. CHILTON.

All the best modern rules for health-preservation were with religious strictness obeyed in the Philosopher's household. The consequences during several years were eminently satisfactory. But at length a boy was born who defied the rules. What could be more perplexing? He had been born under precisely the same conditions as his two elder brothers and his three sisters. There was absolutely no reason—here the Philosopher's investigations were exceedingly minute—why this child should differ from the rest. Yet the food which nourished them disagreed with him. The air which gave them strength gave him cold.

"He has a weakly constitution," said the doctor.

The Philosopher received this verdict in astonished dismay, quickly followed by indignation.

"Impossible! There has never been a weakly constitution in either his mother's family or my own."

"There is one now for the first time, then," said the doctor.

The doctor was dismissed.

But ere long it became necessary to supply his place. The mysterious, the inexplicable boy was again indisposed.

"He has a weakly constitution," said the second doctor, as though mimicking the first.

Now this second doctor stood high in his profession; moreover, he was a man of science. The Philosopher was shaken, but expressed a desire for further advice. The learned doctor smiled, and consented. The most celebrated authority of the day was called in, and a consultation held over the abnormal child.

"I beg," said the Philosopher, "that you will give me your candid opinion."

"My opinion," replied the Authority, "is very simple. The boy has a weakly constitution."

"In other words," he added, attributing the Philosopher's blank gaze to the natural concern of a parent, "there is no organic disease. With care, there may never be any. With care, he may do as well as eight out of ten—in fact, better. Care is the one point needed. Good-morning."

"Pardon me," cried the Philosopher, waking as from a trance, "Care, you say. Care, for what object?"

"For the prevention of organic disease; for the preservation of life."

"With a view finally to his becoming a strong man, the father of strong children?"

"As to his becoming what we call a strong man, I fear that is

*We abridge from *Longman's Magazine*, London, this fine example of literary irony, showing the emptiness and mockery of a secular philosophy and its powerlessness to sustain the soul in the great sorrows of life.—Ed.

scarcely to be looked for; but with a view to his becoming stronger as a man than as a child, able to enjoy existence quite as well—it may be, quite as long—as many more robust. A moderate aim, but common to thousands. Thousands of old men, alive and happy to-day, have attained their present age under like conditions. You have no cause, I assure you—care always remembered—for alarm. Once more, good-morning."

With a heavy step the Philosopher repaired to Constantia.

"Sir Thomas," he said, "has been talking in a manner positively immoral."

"You surprise me," returned, wide-eyed, the Philosopheress.

"Care the one point needed! Care! No cause, care remembered, for alarm! Alarm! Beyond a certain point, medical interference should be forbidden. The state should regulate it. 'Thousands of old men!' 'An aim common to thousands!' Good heavens!"

"Pray explain yourself, dear Postlethwaite. I have not altogether followed you."

The Philosopher thereupon repeated the Authority's opinion.

"We must look the matter in the face, Constantia," he said. "It lies indeed in a nutshell. We must have courage to confess that we are the origin of a Failure."

"Not altogether a Failure, Postlethwaite," said the Philosopheress, with a deprecating smile. "He is a pretty little fellow. In fact, I own to thinking him the prettiest of them all."

"There it is, Constantia! There it is! I see the danger but too clearly. Forewarned, forearmed. Have patience while I expound to you my views."

"Now listen. I repeat, we must look the fact in the face. Emerson is a failure. Do not pain me by reiterating your former remark; 'pretty' is a feeble word at best. The laws of the land preclude—as you have often with me regretted—any prompt measure, any merciful alternative for the long-drawn years of a sickly existence. When he is ill you can send for Mr. Tisick. But beware of superfluous sympathy! He must regard his illnesses as theologians regard original sin—as a corruption of nature, unavoidable, but none the less obnoxious."

"Father!" said Emerson.

The Philosopher was going down-stairs. Until this word was softly uttered, he had not observed the little boy who sat perched upon the sill of a large window commanding the staircase. The window was barred, because it stood close to the door that opened from the nurseries. It was also somewhat grimy, as London windows are apt to become. But it looked westward, and its panes on this particular evening revealed a wide belt of red sunset, causing roofs and spires to glow, and kindling with adventitious brightness the wistful countenance of the child whose timid voice had spoken.

The Philosopher took the opportunity for a critical survey of his Failure.

A puny little fellow! Nine years old, but no taller than Her-

bert had been at five; narrower than Spencer at four; even Margaret Fuller, just three, was sturdier in the limbs; and Darwin, eighteen months, stronger in the spine. A poor wizened little obstruction, thought the Pioneer of Progress. What possible business had he in the world? Yet here he was, and could not be altogether ignored. The Philosopher saw what Constantia had meant when she had called him pretty. Pretty! With a touch of contempt he noted the delicate outline of the features, the shadowy grey of the eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked, in a stern tone.

The child shrank into himself; his lips moved, but no sound came. He was gazing as if fascinated at that awful father who to him had been a father in name alone. His little mind was busy with questions craving solution. Otherwise he would not have dared to disturb that stately progress down-stairs.

"Why are you not in the Park with the others?" said the Philosopher sharply.

"I was so tired, father," said the wistful little voice. "I can't help it," he added with humility.

"You give way," said the Philosopher. "I am convinced that you give way unnecessarily. I must consult your mother. The system must be more bracing," he observed in a rumbling undertone. "Well, speak out, boy. Only cowards are afraid to speak out."

"Father, you said yesterday to Spencer, 'Don't go by opinions, go by facts.'"

"Quite so, Emerson," replied the Philosopher, visibly mollified. "Opinions are often transitory, based upon insecure foundations. Facts abide."

"And, father, can anybody prove that the Bible is not true?"

"Your question, Emerson, is loosely expressed. But, explaining and enlarging it as follows: Can anybody prove that the Bible is not what it professes to be, a revelation from a superhuman Being vulgarly designated as a Personal God?—I reply that this point, from its very nature, is incapable of proof. The opinions, however, of our most eminent thinkers ——"

"But you said, father ——"

"Well? Well?"

"You said, 'Don't go by opinions.'"

"I meant, Emerson, opinions *versus* facts."

"But, father, this is a fact."

"Again indistinctness, Emerson. What is a fact?"

"That no one can prove the Bible is not true."

"A fact certainly—with limitations."

"Then I'll go by it."

The child jumped down from the window-sill as if unburdened of a load. His grey eyes shone. He looked up with something of gladness into the Philosopher's august face.

"I'll go by it, father. And I'll tell Spencer."

"Stop, Emerson. What will you tell Spencer?" asked the father, vaguely fearful of committing himself.

But Emerson had not heard. The Philosopher, half contemplative, half bewildered, was suddenly alone.

"Father, I wish you'd have a go at Emerson. He does talk the most utter rot!"

It was Spencer who spoke. The Philosopher was proud of Spencer. An undoubtedly clever boy, he possessed a turn for metaphysics and a disposition to sceptical inquiry, which, in his parents' opinion, denoted him as an intellectual hero of the future. From his babyhood he had declined to believe any fact not made clear to him by ocular demonstration.

"Explain yourself, Spencer," said the father, with a hardly comfortable recollection of the interview some days previously on the stairs.

"He is a rabid little Philistine already, father, and he bids fair to develop into a Christian of the most bigoted type. You'd better be on your guard! There's more in that boy than you have any idea of. We shall have him disgracing us all in the end, doing his best to upset your most cherished theories. As to the nursery children, they simply worship him. And if I don't mistake, there'll be seeds sown in their minds which will bring forth a harvest, by and by. You just remember history, father, before you despise the first seven years of life."

The Philosopher looked quite deprecating as, over his glasses, he surveyed the precocious stripling thus addressing him.

"You are right, Spencer. Emerson's health has been so feeble, that I have perhaps unduly depreciated his powers. But you are vague. To what do you refer?"

"To his objectionable talk in the nursery. The little ones are being moulded by its influence. Margaret Fuller," said Spencer, his colour rising, "flew at me and bit me when I told him just now that he was a fool."

"The expression was somewhat strong, Spencer."

"Not too strong for the fact, father. He is a fool, and a fool he will be forever—and a mischievous fool—unless you interfere. I have been trying to teach him the first principles of physical science, and he positively refuses to listen. His answer to it all is that it is not true, he will not believe it. And why? Because, forsooth, it is contrary to the Bible!"

The air of fine scorn which, as he spoke these words, embellished Spencer's chiselled features, may—to use a subterfuge of weakness—be more easily imagined than described.

"He is very young, Spencer, and his brain no doubt partakes of the puniness of his frame."

"Not at all, father. His brain is stubborn in the extreme. Whatever I say, he reiterates one assertion, that I cannot prove that the Bible is not true. To this he sticks. There is no use in showing him that other facts, directly contrary to Bible statements, can be proved; and thence the inference. He refuses to accept it. I see only one remedy, father—for you to come the strong

hand. He has lain fallow too long. Little obstructor!" said Spencer, with great bitterness.

"But what is the particular point to-day?"

"The point of individual creation. All the old rubbish, father, which you devote your life to exterminating. He is stuffed full of it, and glories in it. He firmly believes that some mystical Person, yclept God, has especially concocted his wretched legs and arms and put them together—made him, as he expresses it; that this Person takes minute interest in them and in him, and has even designed his miseries for some wise purpose. In fact, all the antiquated cant which has helped to make the world what it is—or rather, to hinder its becoming what it might be. He is reading that Bible now, the little mule!"

"I have some minutes of leisure," said the Philosopher, inspecting his watch. "You can accompany me, Spencer, to the nursery."

The grey-eyed Failure lay full length on the floor, his head supported by a thin little hand, his mind absorbed in the contents of a great book open before him.

"Emerson, get up," said the Philosopher.

The child rose slowly to his feet. His lips were moving.

"What are you saying?"

"It was only my verse. I was trying if I knew my verse."

"Repeat it aloud," said the Philosopher, seating himself with a judicial air.

The boy obeyed.

"'*The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O Lord—Thy mercy, O Lord*——' May I look, father?—'*Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever. Forsake not the works of Thine own hands.*'"

The small voice had an unutterable pathos. Strange thoughts looked out from the sad and shadowy eyes.

"You can see at a glance, father," said Spencer's hard young voice, "the kind of thing I mean."

"What is your object, Emerson," inquired the Philosopher, still judicial, "in committing these words to memory?"

"They comfort me," said Emerson dreamily. "I can think about them to-night when I'm lying awake."

"The kind of food he's growing up on," cried Spencer, his glance passing in a contemptuous sweep from the child, who stood half abstracted, his mind far away, to their father.

"Explain yourself, Emerson," said the Philosopher, in his accustomed formula. "In what respect do these words, as you are pleased to express it, comfort you?"

"It's because I'm so weak and stupid, you see," said Emerson, his thin cheeks faintly flushing.

"Well?" returned the Philosopher, with attention.

"It comforts me to know I'm only a Beginning," murmured the child, his nervousness overpowering him beneath that critical gaze.

"You've heard for yourself now, father. I leave him to you," said Spencer, majestically retiring.

"If God began me, He'll finish me; so I can bear it," added Emerson vaguely, as the Philosopher, in unrelaxed scrutiny, awaited some clearer explanation.

"I think it prudent," he said, after a short silence, "that these biblical studies should cease. When you are older, Emerson," he added, stooping to lift the bulky volume, "your powers of discrimination will be stronger; and you may then, from a more enlightened standpoint, resume your researches among the myths."

Once more he surveyed the child; but Emerson made no remonstrance—standing immovable, while the Bible was carried from his sight.

"Deeds before words," thought the Philosopher.

"Well, father, have you shown him his idiocy?" inquired Spencer, prepared for a triumph.

But the Philosopher, with his back turned—making room, amid piles of papers, for the Bible—remained discreetly silent.

When the Philosopheress that evening, dressed for dinner, paid her visit of sanitary inspection to the nursery, she found Emerson, looking small and forlorn, half buried in a Windsor arm-chair, his fair head resting against the wooden bars, his delicate face crimson.

"Master Emerson is in one of his feverish ways, ma'am," said the nurse, who at some distance sat bathing a great healthy baby —an operation of far more interest both to herself and the attendant nurserymaid that any feeble afflictions, but too customary, of poor Emerson's ailing frame.

"Does your head ache, Emerson?" inquired his mother.

"It burns," murmured the child.

Some sudden, surprising impulse seized the Philosopheress. She sat down and stroked his hot little hand.

The crimson flush deepened in astonished gratitude; the heavy grey eyes sought her own.

"Mother, do you love me?" he asked.

The Philosopheress bent over him with unaccustomed softness. Emerson gazed up at her as if fascinated; in another moment his arms were clasped about her neck.

"Oh, mother, I want you to nurse me; I want to lay my head on you!" he said.

Then, finding that she did not repulse him, he slipped from his chair and climbed upon her knee. Actually her arm was around him! His tired head was resting on that ample bosom. He was settling down, his eyes closing, his lips parted in a wan smile of content, when the door was opened—upon the threshold stood the Philosopher.

"Constantia!"

"He is not very well, Postlethwaite."

"When is he very well? But he will never be better, under the present treatment. Have you forgotten, Constantia, our carefully considered plan? Bracing, the one rule possible? And you are the person to mollycoddle him! You, whom I thought so superior!"

The child, drowsy through weakness, had tightened his clinging hold; his burning head pressed the more closely as he heard his father's voice. But at these last words Constantia suddenly arose; half giddy from his abrupt dislodgment, he found himself cast back on the cold world, grasping, to steady himself, the brown arm of the Windsor chair. He looked up at his mother, bewildered; but the momentary weakness of the Philosopheress had vanished like a dream. The usual cold serenity returned to her eyes, repelling his appealing gaze.

"You must have more courage, Emerson," she said, in her Spartan tone. "You are giving way. Your father is right; you would be a great deal better if you did not give way."

As usual, Emerson made no answer to the rebuke, only looking dreamily after her. Long years later she was still haunted by that dreamy look, which met her cold eyes as they glanced back in leaving the room.

In the dead of the night, the nurse—a person rigid in the performance, so far as she recognized them, of her duties—was standing at Emerson's bedside.

"Master Emerson, why are you awake? I have mixed you a saline draught. Sit up."

The child's face looked weird in the dim light; his fair hair waved round it like an aureole; his eyes were bright and wild.

"Mother, he said, "it was very nice when you nursed me! I wish you could have stayed. I think I'd have got better if you'd stayed."

"Your mother's fast asleep in bed, Master Emerson."

But Emerson went on as if he had not heard.

"I'm so glad," he said, "that I'm only a Beginning. God knows. They took away the Bible; but it doesn't matter, because I'm going—I'm going——"

"Where are you going," asked the nurse. And this time Emerson answered.

"I'm going straight up to God," he said. "'God is Love.' I want some love so much! I can't live down here any more, away from God."

"Master was in the right of it," thought the nurse, "to take away that musty Bible. A pack of old wives' fables, as I heard at them lectures. Turning the poor child's head, like they've turned so many before!"

"You must go to sleep now, sir," she said aloud. "What are you moithering over?" For the boy was smiling and whispering to himself.

She stooped to listen.

"*The Lord will perfect—the Lord will perfect. . . . Thy*

mercy, O Lord. . . . Forsake not Thou the work of Thine own hands!"

"He's quiet now, thank goodness," said the nurse, as, presently, the grey eyes closed. "I'll put the light out, and he'll sleep till morning."

So Emerson slept. They all slept. And sleep is sweet.

The doctor rose with a sudden sense of having outstayed his time. At this instant a hurried knock was followed by the entrance of the nurserymaid.

"Nurse says, please, ma'am, will Mr. Tisick make haste? There is a change in Master Emerson."

"He is awake, you mean?" said the Philosopheress.

"No, ma'am. He has not been awake at all. But there is a change."

Yes—over the wan little face, the brow of whose "intellectual mould" the doctor was just now speaking, had fallen that grey shadow which, once seen, is not easily forgotten; the shadow of—well, let us call it, as the servant girl had called it, "a change."

"You should have sent for me hours ago," said Mr. Tisick, in a severe undertone, to the nurse.

"I thought he was only overtired, sir. I am sure he has never moved, nor uttered a cry."

"A cry? Certainly not. No cry was to be expected. It is suffusion—suffusion on the brain."

"What did you say?" asked the Philosopheress.

The doctor raised his eyes to the parents—that majestic couple—as they stood together on the opposite side of the bed. Their calm, even at this moment, was sublime.

That calm had often irritated Mr. Tisick. He was more than irritated now. He spoke, perhaps, with even brutal plainness.

"I am at least ten hours too late," he said. "The boy is dying."

"Dying!" repeated a voice; a voice which no one recognized. All turned with consternation to the Philosopheress.

But her husband had taken her hand.

"Constantia!" said he, under his breath, "now is the time to show ourselves superior to the herd!"

By a powerful effort she commanded herself; but she looked as though turned into marble.

"I should only wish——" she said, with a sound as of swallowing a sob, her hand still imprisoned by the Philosopher. "Last night he asked me to nurse him, and, somewhat suddenly, I—— Postlethwaite, if he is dying, I should like him to die as he was last night, with his head upon by breast."

She moved nearer to the unconscious child, the Philosopher ceasing to restrain her. But even in that moment, before she could reach the pillow, there was a tiny quiver of the lips, a faint sigh, and the doctor said:

"He is gone!"

"Now is the time," the Philosopher had urged, "to show ourselves superior to the herd." And the Philosopheress had responded to his appeal.

She remained as though hardened into marble. No tears fell from her eyes. She spoke little, but she betrayed no feeling. She rose and retired to rest at her usual hours; sat in her place at meals; and supervised the preparation of the family mourning.

The coffin had come home. Emerson's frail little form had been laid there for its last rest. The Philosopher stood alone, looking down upon it.

The face was very calm; the lips were half parted in a smile; the dark eyelashes lay restful upon the cheeks; the fair hair still shone; the large and thoughtful brow were ennobled by death.

"The survival of the fittest," that familiar phrase, resounded in his ears. "The fittest." Who are the fittest? When may it be decided?

But whither were his thoughts leading him? He must restrain them. The outward eye at least must see no relaxation of his philosophies.

And yet—"Emerson!" he said aloud. For half an instant it seemed to him that the lips moved as if to answer. Why did the Philosopher's heart sink, like lead in deepest waters, as he realized that this could never be? Never again! Well, a truce to vain regrets! Was he not, he must once more remind himself, a Philosopher? And it was time to close the coffin. They were waiting outside. Enough. What is done cannot be undone.

It is hardly necessary to add that the coffin was only made to be cremated. The coffin and its contents alike had vanished some hours later. A handful of ashes in a classical urn was all that remained of the Failure.

The blinds were drawn up; the family life flowed in ordinary current. But the Philosopheress still wore her marble face.

On Sunday they all went to church. The Philosopher approved of a occasional attendance at church. He opined that the higher faculties—such as they were—of the populace found exercise, and thus strength, in the worship of a mythical Unseen. As yet, therefore, it would be a pity to abolish churches. Some substitute, equally useful for the æsthetic quality, should first be provided. So to-day, hoping that the change of scene might benefit Constantia, he escorted her to one of these well-meaning temples.

He thought with pride how nobly she comported herself under this her first bereavement. Her head maintained its stately poise; her features had still that marble calm. Was it calm altogether, or rigidity? In either case, it became her. The Philosopher sat musing upon the pre-eminence of mind, the sublimity of self-control. Yet while he mused he was conscious of unwonted weariness. What truisms, at best, his musings were! What was the good of any of them? As well, perhaps, be one thing as another, since all alike ended thus—in a handful of ashes!

The senior curate was renowned for his fine reading. This was a fine passage, moreover. After all, there was much grandeur in

the old Book! The Philosopher's thoughts paused, his attention struck.

"*And the king was much moved,*" read the firm voice, resounding from the lectern, "*and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!*"

Suddenly a woman's cry rang through the church. The Philosopher started to his feet; for who was this weeping aloud, regardless, in her anguish, of spectators—pushing her way past outstretched hands, hurrying towards the door to get away, alone with her misery?

It was the Philosopheress, marble no longer, the pent-up grief within her bursting its bonds. And as she went, her voice sinking to a low and bitter moan, "O my son Emerson," she cried, "my son, my son Emerson! would God I had died for thee, O Emerson, my son, my son!"

At length she was calmer. The Philosopher, from whom at first she had shrunk, praying only to be left alone—alone—by Emerson's little bed, was summoned from his study. She had asked to see him.

He went up-stairs to the nursery whence the children had been summarily banished. She was kneeling at the Windsor arm-chair, her elbows resting on its uncompromising seat, her face against its hard wooden bars. She was quiet, except for now and then a heavily drawn sob. Her tears were falling fast, like rain after tempest. The sun had gone down, but the blinds had not been drawn. Stars had begun to twinkle, one by one, amid the calm tints lingering in the sky.

"Constantia!" said the Philosopher, almost timidly.

"Postlethwaite," she murmured, "forgive me. I did not mean to disgrace you. The restraint had been too much."

"I was not aware of it," he began; but she interrupted him, her face still resting against the bars.

"I know. You thought me so superior. But, Postlethwaite, I am not. I'm only a weak woman, like the rest. I have found it out now. You must take me as I am, or not at all."

"Constantia! Not at all?"

"Well, then, let us start afresh. Postlethwaite, you must keep me in no longer. I have adored you, and given way to you, and striven to live up to your ideal; but oh, I fear—I fear—— Are you sure that you know all we thought you did? I hardly dare to doubt it. But are you sure, Postlethwaite? Anyway, it is too hard for me. I must give in. I must be like other mothers. Oh, Postlethwaite, and oh, my dear, dear boy!"

The Philosopher answered nothing; but he bowed his head upon his hand.

"She nursed hers up to strength. The doctor said it. And I—— Never mind! For your sake I won't dwell upon it. But—oh, my husband! can you say only one word to give me a little comfort?"

The Philosopher was long silent. When he spoke his voice was low and broken.

"Constantia, do I need no comfort? In these last few days I have learned the meaning of remorse. But there is one comfort—it is vague, to be sure, and uncertain. Nevertheless——"

"What is it? Oh, what is it?"

"His own idea. The idea he found, as he told us, in his Bible. We looked upon him as a Failure; and as such we treated him. But it may be that he appeared a Failure, because he was in truth, as he said, only a Beginning."

For a long time both were silent.

At last, in a tone to which some faint hope had returned, the Philosopheress answered,—

"Postlethwaite, if that be true—who can tell?—when he is perfected, we may some day meet him again."

"Granted the idea he clung to—the idea in the abstract—it seems possible," said the Philosopher, "that we may."

Then again for a long time all was silence.

"Postlethwaite," said the Philosopheress, "do you remember that last evening when I nursed him, when you told me he wanted bracing? It was here, on this hard chair, his dying head had been resting—and I spurned him. Oh, Postlethwaite, I forgive you—you meant no harm—but to please you, I spurned him from my breast!"

Her words were interrupted by her weeping. Somehow, the Philosopher found himself upon his knees likewise beside her. Was that tear which fell on her hand, from his own eyes?

"Dear Postlethwaite, I did that to please you, and will you do something to please me? Oh, I know you don't believe in prayer, and it is long, long since I prayed—but now—Postlethwaite, will you join with me?"

The Philosopher did not refuse. He knelt on. And this was her prayer,—

"O God—my Emerson's God—grant that a day may come when I may ask him to forgive me for spurning his dying head from my breast!"

And the Philosopher said "Amen."

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY is not, as men believe,
Before and after us, an endless line.
No, 'tis a circle, infinitely great,
All the circumference with creation thronged.
God at the centre dwells, beholding all;
And, as we move in this eternal round,
The finite portion which alone we see
Behind us is the Past. What lies before
We call the Future. But to Him who dwells
Far at the centre, equally remote
From every point of the circumference,
Both are alike—the Future and the Past.

—*Tennyson.*

CRAWFORD'S SAIR STRAIT.—A CONFLICT WITH CONSCIENCE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.

But during these very days, when the dominie and his parishioners were drawing a step closer to each other, the laird and his son were drifting farther apart. Crawford felt keenly that Colin took no interest in the great enterprises which filled his own life. The fact was, Colin inherited his mother's, and not his father's temperament. The late Lady Crawford had been the daughter of a Zetland Udaller, a pure Scandinavian, a descendant of the old Vikings, and she inherited from them a poetic imagination and a nature dreamy and inert, though capable of rousing itself into fits of courage that could dare the impossible. Colin would have led a forlorn hope or stormed a battery; but the bare ugliness and monotony of his life at the works fretted and worried him.

Tallisker had repeatedly urged a year's foreign travel. But the laird had been much averse to the plan. France, in his opinion, was a hotbed of infidelity; Italy, of popery; Germany, of socialistic and revolutionary doctrines. There was safety only in Scotland. Pondering these things, he resolved that marriage was the proper means to "settle" the lad. So he entered into communication with an old friend respecting his daughter and his daughter's portion; and one night he laid the result before Colin.

Colin was indignant. He wanted to marry no woman, and least of all women, Isabel McLeod.

"She'll hae £50,000!" said the laird sententiously.

"I would not sell myself for £50,000."

"You'd be a vera dear bargain at half the price to any woman, Colin. And you never saw Isabel. She was here when you were in Glasgow. She has the bonniest black e'en in Scotland, and hair like a raven's wing."

"When I marry, sir, I shall marry a woman like my mother; a woman with eyes as blue as heaven, and a face like a rose. I'll go, as you did, to Shetland for her."

"There isna a house there fit for you to take a wife from, Colin, save and except the Earl's ain; and his daughter, the Lady Selina, is near thirty years old."

"There are my second cousins, Helgh and Saxa Vedder."

Then the laird was sure in his own heart that Tallisker's advice was best. France and Italy were less to be feared than pretty, portionless cousins. Colin had better travel a year, and he proposed it. It hurt him to see how eagerly his heir accepted the offer. However, if the thing was to done, it was best done quickly. Letters of credit suitable to the young laird's fortune were prepared, and in less than a month he was ready to begin his travels.

It had been agreed that he should remain away one year, and if it seemed desirable, that his stay might even be lengthened to two. But no one dreamed that advantage would be taken of this permission.

"He'll be hamesick ere a twelvemonth, laird," said the dominie; and the laird answered fretfully, "A twelvemonth is a big slice o' life to fling awa in far countries."

The night before Colin left he was walking with his sister on the moor. A sublime tranquillity was in the still September air. The evening crimson hung over the hills like a royal mantle. The old church stood framed in the deepest blue. At that distance the long waves broke without a sound, and the few sails on the horizon looked like white flowers at sea.

"How beautiful is this mansion of our father!" said Helen softly. "One blushes to be caught worrying in it, and yet, Colin, I fear to have you go away."

"Why, my dear?"

"I have a presentiment that we shall meet no more in this life. Nay, do not smile; this strange intelligence of sorrow, this sudden trembling in a soul at rest, is not all a delusion. We shall part to-morrow, Colin. Oh, brother, where shall we meet again?"

He looked into the fair, tender face and the eager, questioning eyes, and found himself unable to reply.

"Remember, Colin! I give you a rendezvous in heaven."

He clasped her hand tightly, and they walked on in a silence that Colin remembered often afterwards. Sometimes, in dreams, to the very end of his life, he took again with Helen that last evening walk, and his soul leaned and hearkened after hers. "I give you a rendezvous in heaven!"

In the morning they had a few more words alone. She was standing looking out thoughtfully into the garden. "Are you going to London?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"You will call on Mr. Selwyn?"

"I think so."

"Tell him we remember him—and try to follow, though afar off, the example he sets us."

"Well, you know, Helen, I may not see him. We never were chums. I have often wondered why I asked him here. It was all done in a moment. I had thought of asking Walter Napier, and then I asked Selwyn. I have often thought it would have pleased me better if I had invited Walter."

"Sometimes it is permitted to us to do things for the pleasure of others, rather than our own. I have often thought that God—who foresaw the changes to take place here—sent Mr. Selwyn with a message to Dominie Tallisker. The dominie thinks so too. Then how glad you ought to be that you asked him. He came to prepare for those poor people who as yet were scattered over Ayrshire and Cumberland. And this thought comforts me for you, Colin. God knows just where you are going, dear, and the people you are going to meet, and all the events that will happen to you."

The events and situations of life resemble ocean waves—every one is alike and yet every one is different. It was just so at Crawford Keep after Colin had left it. The usual duties of the day were almost as regular as the clock, but little things varied them. There were letters or no letters from Colin; there were little events at the works or in the village; the dominie called or he did not call. Occasionally there were visitors connected with the mines or furnaces, and sometimes there were social evening gatherings of the neighbouring young people, or formal state dinners for the magistrates and proprietors who were on terms of intimacy with the laird.

For the first year of Colin's absence, if his letters were not quite satisfactory, they were condoned. It did not please his father that Colin seemed to have settled himself so completely in Rome, among "artists and that kind o' folk," and he was still more angry when Colin declared his intention of staying away another year. Poor father! How he had toiled and planned to aggrandize this only son, who seemed far more delighted with an old coin or an old picture than with the great works which bore his name. In all manner of ways he had made it clear to his family that in the dreamy, sensuous atmosphere of Italian life he remembered the gray earnestness of Scottish life with a kind of terror.

Tallisker said, "Give him his way a little longer, laird. To bring him hame now is no use. People canna thole blue skies for ever; he'll be wanting the moors and the misty corries and the gray clouds erelong." So Colin had another year granted him, and his father added thousand to thousand, and said to his heart wearily many and many a time, "It is all vexation of spirit."

At the end of the second year Crawford wrote a most important letter to his son. There was an opening for the family that might never come again. All arrangements had been made for Colin to enter the coming contest for a seat in Parliament. The Marquis of B—— had been spoken to, and Crawford and he had come to an understanding. Crawford did not give the particulars of the "understanding," but he told Colin that his "political career was assured." He himself would take care of the works. Political life was opened to his son, and if money and influence could put him in the House of Peers, money should not be spared.

The offer was so stupendous, the future it looked forward to so great, Crawford never doubted Colin's proud acquiescence. That much he owed to a long line of glorious ancestors; it was one of the obligations of noble birth; he would not dare to neglect it.

Impatiently he waited Colin's answer. Indeed, he felt sure Colin would answer such a call in person. He was disappointed when a letter came; he had not known, till then, how sure he had felt of seeing his son. And the letter was a simple blow to him. Very respectfully, but very firmly, the proposition was declined. Colin said he knew little of parties and cabals, and was certain, at least, that nothing could induce him to serve under the Marquis of

B——. He could not see his obligations to the dead Crawfords as his father did. He considered his life his own. It had come to him with certain tastes, which he meant to improve and gratify, for only in that way was life of any value to him.

The laird laid the letter in Tallisker's hands without a word. He was almost broken-hearted. He had not yet got to that point where money-making for money's sake was enough. Family aggrandizement and political ambition are not the loftiest motives of a man's life, but still they lift money-making a little above the dirty drudgery of mere accumulation. Hitherto Crawford had worked for an object, and the object, at least in his own eyes, had dignified the labor.

In his secret heart he was angry at Colin's calm respectability. A spendthrift prodigal, wasting his substance in riotous living, would have been easier to manage than this young man of æsthetic tastes, whose greatest extravagance was a statuette or a picture. Tallisker, too, was more uneasy than he would confess. He had hoped that Colin would answer his father's summons, because he believed now that the life he was leading was unmanning him. The poetical element in his character was usurping an undue mastery. He wrote to Colin very sternly, and told him plainly that a poetic pantheism was not a whit less sinful than the most vulgar infidelity.

Still he advised the laird to be patient, and by no means to answer Colin's letter in a hurry. But time only fixed more firmly the angry father's determination. Colin must come home and fulfil his wish, or he must remain away until he returned as master. As his son, he would know him no more; as the heir of Crawford, he would receive at intervals such information as pertained to that position. For the old man was just in his anger; it never seemed possible to him to deprive Colin of the right of his heritage. To be the 13th Laird of Crawford was Colin's birthright; he fully recognized his title to the honour, and, as the future head of the house, rendered him a definite respect.

Of course a letter written in such a spirit did no good whatever. Nothing after it could have induced Colin to come home. He wrote and declined to receive even the allowance due to him as heir of Crawford. The letter was perfectly respectful, but cruelly cold and polite, and every word cut the old man like a sword.

For some weeks he really seemed to lose all interest in life. Then the result Tallisker feared was arrived at. He let ambition go, and settled down to the simple toil of accumulation.

CHAPTER VI.

But Crawford had not a miser's nature. His house, his name, his children were dearer, after all, to him than gold. Hope springs eternal in the breast; in a little while he had provided himself with a new motive: he would marry Helen to young Farquharson, and endow her so royally that Farquharson would gladly take her name. There should be another house of Crawford of which Helen should be the root.

Helen had been long accustomed to consider Hugh Farquharson as her future husband. The young people, if not very eager lovers, were at least very warm and loyal friends. They had been in no hurry to finish the arrangement. Farquharson was in the Scot's Greys; it was understood that at his marriage he should resign his commission, so, though he greatly admired Helen, he was in no hurry to leave the delights of metropolitan and military life.

But suddenly Crawford became urgent for the fulfilment of the contract, and Helen, seeing how anxious he was, and knowing how sorely Colin had disappointed him, could no longer plead for a delay. And yet a strange sadness fell over her: some inexplicable symptoms as to her health lead her to fear she would never be Farquharson's wife; the gay wedding attire that came from Edinburgh filled her with a still sorrow; she could not appropriate any part of it as her own.

One day when the preparations were nearly finished, Tallisker came up to the Keep. Helen saw at once that he was moved by some intense feeling, and there was a red spot on his cheeks which she had been accustomed to associate with the dominie's anger. The laird was sitting placidly smoking. He had been telling Helen of the grand house he was going to build on the new estate he had just bought; and he was now calmly considering how to carry out his plans on the most magnificent scale, for he had firmly determined there should be neither Keep nor Castle in the North Country as splendid as the new Crawfords' Home.

He greeted Tallisker with a peculiar kindness, and held his hand almost lovingly His friendship for the dominie—if he had known it—was a grain of salt in his fast deteriorating life. He did not notice the dominie's stern preöccupation, he was so full of his own new plans. He began at once to lay them before his old friend; he had that very day got the estimates from the Edinburgh architect.

Tallisker looked at them a moment with a gathering anger. Then he pushed them passionately away, saying in a voice that was almost a sob, "I darena look at them, laird; I darena look at them! Do you ken that there are fourteen cases o' typhus in them colliers' cottages you built? Do you remember what Mr. Selwyn said about the right o' labourers to pure air and pure water? I knew he was right then, and yet, God forgive me! I let you tak

your ain way. Six little bits o' bairns, twa women, and six o' your pit men! You must awa to Athol instanter for doctors and medicines, and such things as are needfu'. There isna a minute to lose, laird."

Helen had risen while he was speaking with a calm determination that frightened her father. He did not answer Tallisker, he spoke to her: "Where are you going, Helen?"

"Down to the village; I can do something till better help is got."

"Helen Crawford, you'll bide where you are! Sit still, and I'll do whatever Tallisker bids me."

Then he turned angrily to the dominie.

"You are aye bringing me ill tidings. Am I to blame if death comes?"

"Am I my brother's keeper? It's an auld question, laird. The first murderer of a' asked it. I'm bound to say you are to blame. When you gie fever an invite to your cotters' homes, you darena lay the blame on the Almighty. You should hae built as Mr. Selwyn advised."

"Dominie, be quiet. I'm no a bairn, to be hectored o'er in this way. Say what I must do and I'll do it—anything in reason—only Helen. I'll no hae her leave the Keep; that's as sure as death. Sit down, Helen. Send a' the wine and dainties you like to, but don't you stir a foot o'er the threshold."

His anger was, in its way, as authoritative as the dominie's. Helen did as she was bid, more especially as Tallisker in this seconded the laird.

"There is naething she could do in the village that some old crone could not do better."

It was a bitterly annoying interruption to Crawford's pleasant dreams and plans. He got up and went over to the works. He found things very bad there. Three more of the men had left sick, and there was an unusual depression in the village. The next day the tidings were worse. He foresaw that he would have to work the men half time, and there had never been so many large and peremptory orders on hand. It was all very unfortunate to him.

Tallisker's self-reproaches were his own; he resented them, even while he acknowledged their truth. He wished he had built as Selwyn advised; he wished Tallisker had urged him more. It was not likely he would have listened to any urging, but it soothed him to think he would. And he greatly aggravated the dominie's trouble by saying,

"Why did ye na mak me do right, Tallisker? You should hae been mair determined wi' me, dominie."

During the next six weeks the dominie's efforts were almost superhuman. He saw every cottage whitewashed; he was nurse and doctor and cook. The laird saw him carrying wailing babies and holding raving men in his strong arms. He watched over the sick till the last ray of hope fled; he buried them tenderly when all was over. The splendour of the man's humanity had

never shown itself until it stood erect and feared not, while the pestilence that walked in darkness and the destruction that wasted at noonday dogged his every step.

The laird, too, tried to do his duty. Plenty of people are willing to play the Samaritan without the oil and the twopence, but that was not Crawford's way. Tallisker's outspoken blame had really made him tremble at his new responsibilities; he had put his hand liberally in his pocket to aid the sufferers. Perhaps at the foundation of all lay one haunting thought—Helen! If he did what he could for others, Helen would be safer. He never audibly admitted that Helen was in any danger, but—but—if there should be danger, he was, he hoped, paying a ransom for her safety.

In six weeks the epidemic appeared to have spent itself. There was a talk of resuming full hours at the works. Twenty new hands had been sent for to fill vacant places. Still there was a shadow on the dominie's face, and he knew himself there was a shadow on his heart. Was it the still solemnity of death in which he had lately lived so much? Or was it the shadow of a coming instead of a departing sorrow?

One afternoon he thought he would go and sit with Helen a little while. During his close intimacy with the colliers he had learned many things which would change his methods of working for their welfare; and of these changes he wished to speak with Helen. She was just going for a walk on the moor, and he went with her. It was on such a September evening she had walked last with Colin. As they sauntered slowly, almost solemnly home, she remembered it. Some impulse far beyond her control or understanding urged her to say, "Dominie, when I am gone I leave Colin to you."

He looked at her with a sudden enlightenment. Her face had for a moment a far-away, death-like predestination over it. His heart sank like lead as he looked at her.

"Are you ill, Helen?"

"I have not been well for two weeks."

He felt her hands; they were burning with fever.

"Let us go home," she said, and then she turned and gave one long, mournful look at the mountains and the sea and the great stretch of moorland. Tallisker knew in his heart she was bidding farewell to them. He had no word to say. There are moods of the soul beyond all human intermeddling.

The silence was broken by Helen. She pointed to the mountains. "How steadfast they are, how familiar with forgotten years! How small we are beside them!"

"I don't think so," said Tallisker stoutly. "Mountains are naething to men. How small is Sinai when the man Moses stands upon it!"

Then they were at the Keep garden. Helen pulled a handful of white and golden asters, and the laird, who had seen them coming, opened the door wide to welcome them. Alas! Alas! Though he saw it not, death entered with them. At midnight there was the old, old cry of despair and anguish, the hurrying

for help, where no help was of avail, the desolation of a terror creeping hour by hour closer to the hearthstone.

The laird was stricken with a stony grief which was deaf to all consolation. He wandered up and down wringing his hands, and crying out at intervals like a man in mortal agony. Helen lay in a stupor while the fever burned her young life away. She muttered constantly the word "Colin"; and Tallisker, though he had no hope that Colin would ever reach his sister, wrote for the young laird.

Just before the last she became clearly, almost radiantly conscious. She would be alone with her father, and the old man, struggling bravely with his grief, knelt down beside her. She whispered to him that there was a paper in the jewel-box on her table. He went and got it. It was a tiny scrap folded crosswise. "Read it, father, when I am beyond all pain and grief. I shall trust you, dear." He could only bow his head upon her hands and weep.

"Tallisker!" she whispered, and he rose softly and called him. The two men stood together by her side.

"Is it well, my daughter?" said the dominie, with a tone of tender triumph in his voice. "You fear not, Helen, the bonds of death?"

"I trust in those pierced hands which have broken the bonds of death. Oh! the unspeakable riches!"

These were her last words. Tallisker prayed softly as the mystical gray shadow stole over the fair, tranquil face. It was soon all over.

> "She had outsoared the shadow of our night,
> And that unrest which men misname delight."

The bridal robes were folded away, the bridegroom went back to his regiment, the heartsore father tried to take up his life again. But it seemed to him to have been broken in two by the blow; and besides this, there was a little strip of paper which lay like a load upon his heart. It was the paper he had taken from Helen's dying fingers, and it contained her last request:

"Father, dear, dear father, whatever you intended to give me—I pray you—give it to God's poor.

"HELEN."

CHAPTER VII.

The dominie had felt certain that Colin would answer his letter in person, but after a long silence he received it back again. Colin had left Rome, and left no trace behind him. The laird knew that Tallisker had written, and he, too, had been hoping and expecting. But he received the news of his son's disappearance without remark. Life for some time was a dreary weight to him, he scarce felt as if he could lift it again. Hope after hope had failed him. He had longed so to be a rich man, had God in his anger

granted him his wish? And was no other thing to prosper with him? All the same he clung to his gold with a deeper affection. When all other vices are old avarice is still young. As ambition and other motives died out, avarice usurped their places, and Tallisker saw with a feeling half angry, and half pitiful, the laird's life dwindling down to this most contemptible of all aims. He kept his duty as proprietor constantly before the laird, but he no longer seemed to care that people should say, "Crawford's men have the best labourers' cottages in Scotland."

"I hae made up my mind, Tallisker," he said fretfully, "the warld thinks more o' the men who mak money than o' those who gie it awa." Certainly this change was not a sudden one; for two years after Helen's death it was coming slowly forward, yet there were often times when Tallisker hoped that it was but a temptation, and would be finally conquered. Men do not lose the noble savour of humanity in a moment. Even on the downward road good angels wait anxiously, and whisper in every better moment to the lapsing soul, "Return!"

But there was a seed of bitterness in Crawford's heart, that was poisoning the man's spiritual life—a little bit of paper, yet it lay like a great stone over his noblest feelings, and sealed them up as in a sepulchre. Oh, if some angel would come and roll it away! He had never told the dominie of Helen's bequest. He did not dare to destroy the slip of paper, but he hid it in the most secret drawer of his secretary. He told himself that it was only a dying sentiment in Helen to wish it, and that it would be a foolish superstition in him to regard it. Perhaps in those last moments she had not understood what she was asking.

For a little while he found relief in the suggestion; then he remembered that the request must have been dictated before the fever had conquered her strength or judgment. The words were clearly written in Helen's neat, precise manner; there was not a hesitating line in the whole. She had evidently written it with care and consideration. No one could tell how that slip of paper haunted him. Even in the darkest of its secret hiding-place his spiritual eyes saw it clearly day and night.

To give to the poor all he had intended to give to Helen! He could not! He could not! He could not do it! Helen could not have known what she was asking. He had meant in one way or another, to give her, as the founder of the new line of Crawfords, at least one hundred thousand pounds. Was it reasonable to scatter hither and yon such a large sum, earned, as he told himself pitifully, "by his ain wisdom and enterprise!"

The dominie knew nothing of this terrible struggle going on ever in the man's soul who sat by his side. He saw that Crawford was irritable and moody, but he laid the blame of it on Colin. Oh, if the lad would only write, he would go himself and bring him back to his father, though he should have to seek him at the ends of the earth. But four years passed away, and the prodigal sent no backward, homeward sigh. Every night, then, the laird looked a moment into the dominie's face, and always the dominie shook

his head. Ah, life has silences that are far more pathetic than death's.

One night Crawford said, almost in a whisper,

"He'll be dead, Tallisker."

And Tallisker answered promptly,

"He'll come hame, laird."

No other words about Colin passed between the two men in four years. But destiny loves surprises. One night Tallisker laid a letter on the table.

"It is for you, laird; read it."

It was a singular letter to come after so long a silence, and the laird's anger was almost excusable.

Listen, Tallisker; did e'er you hear the like?

"'DEAR FATHER: I want, for a very laudable purpose, £4,000. It is not for myself in any way. If you will let me have it, I will trouble you with the proper explanations. If not, they will not be necessary. I have heard that you are well. I pray God to continue his mercy to you.

"'Your dutiful son,

"'COLIN CRAWFORD.'

"'Laudable purpose!'" cried the unhappy father in a passion. "The lad is altogether too laudable. The letter is an insult, Tallisker. I'll ne'er forgive him for it. Oh, what a miserable father I am!"

And the dominie was moved to tears at the sight of his old friend's bitter anguish.

Still he asserted that Colin had meant it to be a kind letter.

"Dinna tak want o' sense for want o' affection, laird. The lad is a conceited prig. He's set up wi' himsel' about something he is going to do. Let him hae the money. I would show him you can gie as grandly as he can ask loftily."

And, somehow, the idea pleased the laird. It was something that Colin had been obliged to ask him for money at all. He sat down and wrote out a check for the amount. Then he closed it with these words:

"SON COLIN CRAWFORD: I send you what you desire. I am glad your prospects are sae laudable; maybe it may enter your heart, some day, to consider it laudable to keep the Fifth Command. Your sister is dead. Life is lonely, but I thole it. I want nae explanations.

"Your father,

"ALEX. CRAWFORD."

"What's the address, Tallisker?"

"Regent's Place, London."

The answer arrived in due time. It was as proper as a letter could be. Colin said he was just leaving for America, but did not expect to be more than six months there. But he never said a word about coming to Crawford. Tallisker was downright angry at the young man. It was true his father had told him he did not

wish to see him again, but that had been said under a keen sense of family wrong and of bitter disappointment. Colin ought to have taken his father's ready response to his request as an overture of reconciliation. For a moment he was provoked with both of them.

"You are a dour lot, you Crawfords; ane o' you is prouder than the ither."

"The Crawfords are as God made them, dominie."

"And some o' them a little warse."

Yet, after all, it was Colin Tallisker was really angry at. For the present he had to let his anger lie by. Colin had gone, and given him no address in America.

"He is feared I will be telling him his duty, and when he comes back that is what I shall do, if I go to London to mak him hear me."

For a moment the laird looked hopefully into the dominie's face, but the hope was yet so far off he could not grasp it. Yet, in a dim, unacknowledged way it influenced him. He returned to his money-making with renewed vigour. It was evident he had let the hope of Colin's return steal into his heart. And the giving of that £4,000 Tallisker considered almost a sign of grace. It had not been given from any particularly noble motive; but any motive, not sinful, roused in opposition to simple avarice, was a gain. He was quite determined now to find Colin as soon as he returned from America.

In rather less than six months there were a few lines from Colin, saying that the money sent had been applied to the proper purpose, and had nobly fulfilled it. The laird had said he wanted no explanations, and Colin gave him none.

Tallisker read the letter with a half smile.

"He is just the maist contrary, conceited young man I e'er heard tell o'. Laird, as he won't come to us, I am going to him."

The laird said nothing. Any grief is better than a grief not sure. It would be a relief to know all, even if that "all" were painful.

GOD'S WAY.

God sets some souls in shade, alone;
They have no daylight of their own,
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

God knows. Content thee with thy night,
Thy greater heaven hath grander light;
To-day is close; the hours are small,
Thou sit'st afar, and hast them all.

Lose the less joy that doth but blind,
Reach forth a larger bliss to find;
To-day is grief; the incisive spheres
Rain raptures of a thousand years.

—*Mrs. Whitney.*

Current Topics and Events.

"Crossing the Bar."

Swiftly—how swiftly—the sweet singers of the English tongue are passing away! It seems but yesterday that the poet of "The Wayside Inn" joined the Immortals. Since then, in quick succession, Marian Evans, Browning, Lowell, Whitman, Whittier, and now Tennyson, have passed into the unseen and left the world poorer by their departure, but the richer for their having lived. Almost alone of the poets of his prime lingers the genial "Autocrat," like his own "Last Leaf" mourning its lost companions.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, every autumn brought its harvest of great poems. We remember with what zest in our student days, we read Tennyson's "Maud," and "Idylls," Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Hiawatha," Browning's "Ring and the Book" and its succeeding volumes, and the annual issues of richest merit, which were sure, with the blooming of the chrysanthemums and asters, to unfold their leaves and exhale their fragrance. The closing years of this century may have a rich aftermath, but compared with the last two or three decades, we may say, "Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abi-ezer?"

The place of Tennyson is assured, we think, for all time. Like Browning, he is especially a poet of the nineteenth century, the product of the complex social and intellectual development of the age. The world can never outgrow the high philosophy and deep spiritual insight of "In Memoriam." The trumpet of King Arthur will shrill forever through the night, and the goodly company of the Round Table enlist the interest of mankind. The tear-compelling story of "Elaine," the tragic pathos of the "Queen Guinevere," and the touching tale of "Enoch Arden" will long continue to thrill sympathetic chords. The tale of "joust and tourney"—of Sir Mark, Sir Bevis, and Sir Launcelot—the ringing "Charge of Balaclava," the heroic "Defence of Lucknow," and the bold defiance of Sir Richard Grenville, in the "Ballad of the Fleet," will long stir the pulses of mankind.

On an entirely different plane from the humbler poet whose life and labours, consecrated to humanity, we commemorate in this number of the Methodist Magazine, Tennyson is decidedly the greatest artist in words of the English tongue—except, indeed, the unapproachable Bard of Avon. Next to Shakespeare's self, no poet has coined so many phrases which "gleam like jewels on the outstretched finger of time"—has given to common speech so many apt quotations "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Yet, while the greatest artist of our time, we do not say he was the greatest seer or sage; nor did he, like a Hebrew prophet, speak words that stirred men's souls with burning indignation or fired them with high resolve. Even the humble Quaker bard, who lamented to the end of his life the scant opportunities of culture of his youth and manhood, exhibited, we think, a deeper moral earnestness and a holier consecration to the service of humanity than his more favoured English brother poet, born in the purple, cradled in the lap of learning, and fed at the fountains of Helicon. Hence Whittier stirred men's souls to deeper depths, and kindled in the heart of thousands the heroic purpose to do and dare and die for the emancipation of a race.

The one is like his own New England mountain streamlets, irresistibly gushing forth from the granite cliff, the other like the trained flow of waters from some carven fountain. Tennyson is like and exquisitely cultivated garden, with its shaven lawns and statued terraces and pleached alleys and lovely parterres of flowers; Whittier

is like an immemorial forest, where the breezes sigh and whisper through the solemn pines and the wild-flowers swing their censers in the air.

Tennyson is the poet of culture, of refinement, of the intellect. He was our modern Plato, living apart from the feverish rush of life, but having wide sympathy with all the issues of the age and seeking to solve the mighty problems of the time. The noble lines with which "In Memoriam" begins, and many a fine passage throughout that poem, inculcate the spirit of loftiest faith and truest trust in the Divine Mediator between God and man.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

The serene faith with which the veteran poet met the solemn mysteries of the future is beautifully voiced in his "Crossing the Bar," written as he stood ready to launch upon the shoreless sea:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

The Pan-Presbyterian Assembly.

The meeting of this assembly has been an occasion of great interest, not only to Presbyterians but to all who would keep the unity of spirit in the bond of peace. Our city was honoured with the presence of many of the valiant soldiers of God from Great Britain and Ireland, the continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea. Special interest was felt in the missionary reports and addresses of faithful missionaries from the high places of the field. "The observed of all observers" in the social gatherings and public meetings was the venerable John G. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides, who accomplished so much for God in those dark places of the earth.

It is not often that one has an opportunity of hearing half a dozen distinguished missionaries from India, China, the heart of Africa, and other far-off scenes of their heroic toil, and it is to the credit of the Christian community that two of the largest churches in the city were crowded on the same night to hear these distinguished speakers. More interesting and enthusiastic still, if possible, were the meetings of the Presbyterian Woman's Missionary Society which were addressed by faithful women, the wives and daughters of foreign missionaries. Other marked features of the assembly were the warm and frequent references to Christian unity and fraternity, and the hearty responses which these met from the assembled audience.

Strength and Weakness of Presbyterianism.

The programme exhibited a great variety of topics, and our Presbyterian friends were not without the courage to discuss the weakness as well as the strength of their Church. This subject was handled in a very vigorous and racy manner by our old classmate and college chum, Dr. J. Munro Gibson. The strength of Presbyterianism was truly asserted to be its immediate contact with its great head of the Church. The channels of grace were immediate and open, and not a long aqueduct

through which a meagre stream trickled through the centuries, diminished in quantity and not remarkably pure in quality. But a weakness of the Church, he affirmed, was that they were too often helplessly bound to the past as if they had not a dependence on a present Christ. They would listen to no voice except that echoed from distant ages. They did not find in the apostolic writings provision made for everything that might, could, or would occur through all lands and for all time. There were old questions rising in new form. Many of them shrank from that awful word "innovation," though it often meant "reformation." He thought, too, that the old Church of the Reformation might learn something as to the improvement of its methods from the sister Churches of Christendom, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and even from the Roman Catholics. Something like a modified itinerancy, and an appointing power for bringing together uncalled pastors and unsupplied churches was urgently needed. Above all they should realize the priesthood of the people, that they were all called "not to be ministered unto but to minister" unto others.

Important Topics.

The treatment of the Church life and Church work among the negroes, the Indian aborigines, the European and Asiatic emigrants, were all full of interest and profit. It was something remarkable to hear in good English, reports from the reformed churches in Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and elsewhere on the continent, by natives of these countries, some of whom had never before attempted a spoken address except in their native tongue. Among the practical papers were those on spiritual life, "The Office and Work of the Holy Ghost," "Personal and Family Religion," and "The Bible." The college professors had it very much to themselves one day in the papers on "Training of the Ministry," "Biblical Idea of the Ministry," "The Drift of Theological Thought," "Social and Philanthropic Activities of To-day," "Tendencies of Modern Educational Systems," and the like.

Some of the critics thought that the Council was going beyond its province in discussing the relations of Christianity to such important social questions as "The Wage Question," "The Land Question," "The Drink Question," "The Opium Question in India," and the like. We are not of that number. A man's religion affects the man in all his relations, and these relations mentioned are some which touch him, and touch him most closely on every side. Dr. Rentoul warned the Church that the great social questions must be grappled with if the labouring men were to remain with her. "They stand," he said, "a great, lowering, sullen-browed, black-visaged mass of men, with a multitude of women and children behind and inter-related with them. In their labour halls they are calling the ministers of the churches the watch-dogs of capitalists, and the Church must have a care."

The assembly was sound as a nut on the temperance question, and the modest caveat of the accomplished Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of this city, only gave emphasis to its antagonism to the strong drink traffic.

Aspects of Romanism.

An occasion which attracted much attention and interest was the field night on the aspects of Romanism on the continent of Europe, Great Britain, Canada, United States, Central America, and the foreign missionary field. To much that was said on that occasion every sound Protestant must agree. From some of the extreme views we, personally, dissent. Pastor Choisi, of Geneva, in the most liberal spirit discussed the influence of Romanism on the continent of Europe, with special reference to his own native Switzerland. In that country, Roman Catholics are of almost the same proportion to the Protestants as in Canada. There they are a little less than two-fifths of the population, here they are a little more than two-fifths—about forty-one per cent.

An effort had been made in Switzerland to reform the Roman Catholic Church in a liberal and democratic way. The result was not a conspicuous success but some progress had been made, and they might hope, he said, that some day religious life in the old Catholic Church might be revived by the operation of the spirit of God. One result at least had followed. The pope could no longer govern the Swiss people against the wishes of the people and without regard to the laws of the state. The prevailing influence in Switzerland was decidedly Protestant, far beyond its numerical strength, and the chief towns and more prosperous cantons were chiefly Protestant. A spirit of kindly tolerance and good-will had been created, and it was a not uncommon thing to see Catholics and Protestants use the same church at different periods of the day.

The Rev. Dr. James Kerr, of Glasgow, took a very different line of argument. He affirmed that those who asserted that the Church of Rome had undergone any change for the better, had been Rip Van Winkles for the last twenty years. The spirit of Hildebrand still reigned in the Vatican. On the contrary, we believe that even the Church of Rome has not been able to resist the broadening and liberalizing spirit of the times, created by the Protestant reformation. "Still the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," and this old and inert Church in spite of itself has been broadened and liberalized with the progress of the ages.

Bishop Foster, one of the ablest minds of the Methodist Episcopal Church, not without reason affirmed his belief that God in His good providence would reform this old historic Church from within, and restore its old cathedrals to a purer and more primitive form of worship.

Dr. Kerr exhibited the very spirit of Hildebrand or of Torquemada when he said, "Roman Catholics must be excluded from all political offices." This battle was fought out when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed, half a century ago. As an integral part of the empire, they have a right to their proper share of the duties and honours of citizenship and statesmanship. While there may be disloyal and traitorous Catholics, as there may also be disloyal and traitorous Protestants, yet on many a hard-fought field and in many a high place of duty, the Roman Catholic subjects of our sovereign have sealed their loyalty with their hearts' blood. In the sight of the law, especially in a mixed community of Catholics and Protestants, a man's religious opinions should involve no civil disability. "It is no part of religion to persecute religion," said Tertullian 1,500 years ago. The lesson of toleration and respect for the rights and consciences of others, is a lesson which some men are very slow to learn.

Dr. Laing, of Dundas, very truly said that nowhere in the world was the Church of Rome more securely intrenched than in the Dominion of Canada. We believe it unquestionable that in the city of Rome, under the very shadow of the Vatican, there is more religious liberty than in some parts of our own country. While we may steadfastly withstand all the political aggressions of the Church of Rome, we must as carefully grant our Catholic fellow-citizens all their civil and religious rights.

Dr. Bushnell made the strange statement, as an instance of the power of the Papacy, that "not an associate press dispatch passed through the telegraph office of Washington, without the scrutiny of an agent of the pope." If Dr. Bushnell means that any agent of the Pope has the power to falsify or suppress or change public dispatches sent out by the press of the whole world, in the interests of the Papacy, we would require better evidence than any he placed before the meeting to convince us of the correctness of the statement.

Dr. Carman's fraternal greeting on the part of Œcumenical Methodism was a very able and eloquent address. It was very favourably received, and called forth a very cordial response. Such interdenominational courtesies do much to knit the Churches together in the bonds of Christian brotherhood.

The result of the Conference as a whole, cannot fail to give an impulse to higher thinking and nobler living. One cannot expect in such a variety of Churches as were represented but that there should be many varieties of opinions, but this great and noble Church exhibits a vitality and an adaptation to the needs of the times that are an augury of a widening growth and influence. We rejoice for its prosperity. Its gains everywhere will be the gains of humanity and of religion. It is the ablest ally of Methodism in the effort to bring the world to the feet of Jesus.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

A large missionary party sailed from London, September 7th, at the head of which was the Rev. G. W. Olver, senior missionary secretary, Miss Olver, daughter of the secretary, who goes at her father's expense to Bankura, Bengal, where her brother is a missionary, and other ladies to China and India.

India sends her first native missionary to Fiji, John Williams, a Lucknow catechist.

The Methodists of Sierra Leone, recently celebrated their first centenary. In 1792, a colony of 1,131 negroes, who, during the War of Independence had fled from slavery, succeeded in gaining a home in Nova Scotia. Through the agency of a native local preacher, a revival of religion commenced, and several classes were organized. The movement attracted the attention of Rev. John Wesley, and he wished these poor souls in the wilderness to be cared for. They were shipped to Sierra Leone and carried their Christianity with them. They reached their destination March 28th, 1792. A society of 223 coloured members was reported that year, the only Methodist church then in Africa. Rev. Wm. Warren, sent out in 1811, found the remnant of these Nova Scotia negroes still meeting for worship.

The age of self-sacrificing in the cause of Christ is not passed. Rev. H. W. Bunting and his sister went to Honduras in 1891. After some months the yellow fever broke out, the Romish priest succumbed, but this noble couple remained at their post, visiting the sick and dying until both were stricken down and died within a few days of each other.

Fifty-six sturdy Christians, an elect band drawn from all parts of England, went to the Epsom race-course to preach and distribute Scripture cards. They erected a tent which served as a prayer and enquiry room. Between the races they preached in front of the grand stand, and their evening meetings had a number of penitents at their mourners' bench.

Fifteen manuscript volumes have been discovered in the cellars of the Book Room, City Road, London. They are principally hymns and poems in Charles Wesley's neat handwriting, with a few hymns copied by his wife, and a reverent note by Charles Wesley, jun., the great organist who was honoured with the special favour of George III.

Mr. G. S. Knight has undertaken to defray the whole expense of a memorial window in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, to represent the Free Methodists. . . It will represent the disciples receiving their great commission to preach the Gospel, and the faces will be the portraits of Wesley and the Free Church leaders. Another window in the apse will

probably be provided by the Primitive Methodists.

Nearly half of the English Wesleyan Church is said to be in their Sunday-schools. They have 939,938 Sunday-school scholars, and 128,955 officers and teachers.

Through the operation of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund, the chapels in London have increased from sixteen to ninety-five, one hundred cases have been assisted, and the total sum paid in grants and in loans without interest has exceeded $1,000,000.

The Union feeling spreads. A united Methodist temperance demonstration has been held at Shrewsbury, and arrangements are being made to hold a united Methodist soiree in Nottingham. All the ministers of the various branches of Methodism are to exchange pulpits November 27th.

Thirty-six Methodists were returned to Parliament—all Liberals.

There are more requests for the services of deaconesses than can be granted, and appeals are being made for candidates to enter this benevolent work.

Dr. Macdonald, of Fatshan, China, states that notwithstanding the unsettled state of the country, the number of their patients was never greater, 2,494 out patients, and 221 in patients; 108 private patients were visited at their own homes. $2,329 was received for fees and sale of medicines.

Mr. Augustine Birrel some time ago said to a Cornish miner, "You seem to be a very temperate people here, how did it happen?" He replied solemnly, raising his cap, "There came a man from God whose name was John Wesley."

Methodist New Connexion.

An analysis of the final reading of the stations at the late Conference disclosed the following facts. Of seventeen superintendents who changed circuits, seven had stayed at their last appointment five years each; and one of the second ministers had also remained five years. Other superintendents generally had stayed three or four years. The tendency is to fewer changes than formerly.

The autumnal meeting of the Evangelistic Union was held at Stapleford, near Nottingham. The meeting continued three days, and was numerously attended. Three services were held daily.

A memorial church in honour of the Rev. G. M. Innocent is to be built at one of the mission stations in North China, where Mr. Innocent had won the hearts of the people by his devotion and earnestness in time of flood and famine, and in leading many to give up their idols and join the Christian Church.

Primitive Methodist.

The Connexional Jubilee Fund commands the attention both of ministers and people. Five hundred ministers have subscribed $15,000. Nearly $100,000 have been subscribed in all.

Wesley Chapel, City Road, has been offered and gratefully accepted for the Missionary Anniversary Breakfast meeting next May.

Rev. J. Travis, President of Conference, has been invited to occupy the pulpit in City Road Chapel on a Sunday at an early date.

Thirty students are attending Mansfield College at the expense of W. P. Hartley, Esq., lay treasurer of the Missionary Society. Mr. Hartley is one of the most munificent contributors to religious objects of the present day. He has been very successful in business. He is engaged manufacturing preserves. On Saturday, July 23rd, the output for one day was 130 tons.

The Primitive Methodist, Wesleyan, and Methodist Free Churches in Australia have appointed committees to meet for the consideration of the best steps to be taken to secure the organic union of these denominations.

Bible Christian Church.

An excellent portrait of Rev. Mark Guy Pearce with a character sketch is published in a late number of the *Magazine*.

The calls for additional labourers in China and the colonies are very

urgent. The field of operations in New Zealand, Queensland, and elsewhere are rapidly widening, and reinforcements of the ministerial staff are earnestly desired by brethren on those stations.

The Primitive Methodists and Bible Christians in England are withdrawing from some places where one is weaker than the other.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

A book concern has been established at Zurich, Switzerland. The membership in Switzerland is 5,488. The Church paper has a circulation of 5,000. There are 15,000 scholars in the Sunday-schools, and 12,000 volumes in the libraries.

There have been nearly 16,000 baptisms in one of the Indian Conferences where there is now a Christian community of 33,000; nine-tenths of these people are low caste, sweepers and leather workers, yet not one in two thousand has asked for support.

In one of the cities of Texas, fourteen languages are spoken. The Church South has built a German church.

There is every probability that the coloured Methodist Churches will soon be united under one name and Church government.

In attending the Nevada Mission Conference some ministers travelled 700 miles. Some had descended from mountain heights of more than 10,000 feet, where they had been preaching during the year in mining camps. One of the veterans rode with his wife in a buggy 180 miles over a torrid desert.

Bishop Mallalien is writing a series of interesting letters respecting his journeyings to Japan, Korea, and China. He called at Honolulu on the way and was delighted to see the place where seventy-five years ago the people revelled in sensuality and idolatry, and now they are civilized and evangelized by the Gospel.

Bishop Taylor has resolved to establish a mission in Mashonaland, Equatorial Africa, which is inhabited by millions of the coloured race.

Bishop Taylor gave eleven-twelfths of his last year's salary to the African work. During the summer he has attended several camp-meetings and has collected several thousand dollars for Africa.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The growth of this branch of Methodism since the war has been phenomenal. The population of the country doubles every twenty-five years. The membership of this Church has nearly trebled in the same time. The increase in twenty-five years is over 195 per cent. The Church property is valued at $23,000,000. A new church is built every fourteen hours in the year. Missionary income exceeds $400,000, not including $113,000 raised by the Women's Missionary Society. There are 13,000 Sunday-schools, 100,000 teachers, and over three-quarters of a million of scholars. There are also 179 schools and colleges for higher education, and nearly 17,000 students, with property valued at $4,500,000 and endowments of $1,600,000. The Publishing House at Nashville has assets over $600,000, and out of the net proceeds $17,500 was given last year for the benefit of worn-out ministers and widows. A kind friend recently gave $900,000 for a home and orphanage in St. Louis which will soon be built. The Mission Fund, however, is struggling with a heavy debt.

Bishop Key is visiting Japan and China. Of Japan he writes: "Everything is promising, but we are not pressing the battle as we should.

The news from Australia is gratifying. A united committee meeting has been held, and a resolution in favour of organic union was carried by thirty votes against two, the name of the united Church to be, "The Methodist Church of Australasia."

The Methodist Church.

The annual meeting of the General Board of Missions was held at Ottawa; twenty-nine new domestic missions were established during the past year. Owing to the heavy claims of Newfoundland, the appropriations to all

the missions were of necessity slightly reduced, so that, unless the people on the various missions increase in liberality, the missionaries will be the sufferers. The French Institute in Montreal has accommodation for ninety students. The French evangelization work could be greatly extended if funds were available.

The appropriation for the *Glad Tidings* was cut down to $500. There is an increase of members in all departments of the mission field.

It is gratifying to know that the income of the Society is steadily increasing, and that the quarter of a million will soon be reached.

George A. Cox, Esq., has subscribed $5,000 to the funds of Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

The Publishing House in Toronto has been appointed special agent for the sale of the publications of the great Religious Tract Society, London, England. The Halifax House also buys direct from London in connection with Toronto. This arrangement should be profitable and beneficial, as the Religious Tract Society publishes a larger assortment of religious books than any other house in the world.

The Indians at Cape Croker have erected a handsome and commodious church on their mission.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. E. Sallows, one of the pioneer Methodist preachers of Canada, has passed from labour to reward. He died at Collingwood, October 4th, at the advanced age of seventy-three years and four months. His ministry began nearly fifty years ago, but through ill-health he was compelled to sustain a superannuated relation for over twenty years. He was the first Methodist minister to preach in Collingwood, and there he made his home for the closing years of his life. Of his closing hours we have not received an account, but we doubt not that he died as he lived, a man of earnest and fervent piety.

By the death of Mrs. Mary Ryerson, widow of the late Rev. John Ryerson, one of the links that connect early Methodism with the present was severed. She died at the advanced age of ninety-two, having adorned a beautiful Christian character for many years.

Mrs. Dr. Cooney was the wife of another of the early Methodist ministers who was much honoured in his day. She lived in Toronto for many years and also passed away at a great age, beloved and revered by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

The *Wesleyan* announces the death, from being thrown out of his carriage, of Mr. Joseph S. Belcher, a prominent and highly-esteemed Halifax Methodist. He was for many years a liberal supporter of the Church, and an active leader in Sunday-school work.

Book Notices.

On Canada's Frontier: Sketches of History, Sport and Adventure, and of the Indians, Missionaries, Fur Traders, and Newer Settlers of Western Canada. By Julian Ralph. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Octavo, pp. 325. Price $3.00.

We make a point of procuring and reviewing in this Magazine every new book about Canada of which we hear. We have seldom reviewed, with greater interest, a book on Canadian topics than the one before us. It is the most artistic and best illustrated volume on North-West life and adventure that we have seen. Mr. Julian Ralph has taken much pains to inform himself on the subjects of which he writes, and that accomplished artist, Mr. Frederick Remington, has illustrated the wild

life of Canada's Frontier with rare skill. The delineations of snow scenes and forest life, are the best we have ever seen. Of these illustrations there are seventy, many of them full-page engravings.

Mr. Julian Ralph describes first, Some Titled Pioneers in the North-West of Canada, where Lady Cathcart, of England, and Count Esterhazy, of Hungary, have planted extensive colonies, and where Dr. Rudolph Meyer, of Berlin, the Compte de Cazes and the Compte de Raffignac, of France, and M. Le Bidau de St. Mars, of France, have formed "the most distinguished and aristocratic little band of emigrant farmers in the New World."

Mr. Ralph describes the method of the Canadian Government in forming their treaties with the Indians, and in keeping faith with them after they are formed, a method to which he largely attributes the immunity of Canada from the Indian wars which have disgraced the American frontier. He pays a high tribute to Father La Combe, the devoted French missionary, who has laboured so long and so well among the Indians of the North-West. He also expresses high appreciation of the labours of the other missionary toilers in that land. Mr. Ralph has had access to private papers and documents of the Hudson Bay Company, and has personal acquaintance with many of the factors of that great corporation. His account of the planting of the Red River colony, of the Iliad of disasters through which it passed, and of the mode of administration by which the little Company in London ruled a country nearly as large as Europe, are of the highest importance.

The tragic story of the founding of the Red River colony is one of pathetic interest. Governor Semple and twenty-two of the English were slain by an attacking party of sixty-five French and Indians representing the North-West Company. By a strange nemesis no less than twenty-six of these sixty-five died in turn a violent death.

The account of the hunting, trapping, trading and travelling, a condition of things which has almost entirely passed away, is of intense interest. Describing the distribution of mails under the old régime, he says: "The winter mail-packet, starting from Winnipeg in the depth of the season, goes to all the posts by dog-train. The letters and papers are packed in great boxes and strapped to the sleds, beside or behind which the drivers trot along, cracking their lashes and pelting and cursing the dogs. This is a small exhibition as compared with the brigade that takes the supplies, or those others that come splashing down the streams and across the country with the furs every year. But only fancy how eagerly this solitary semi-annual mail is waited for! It is a little speck on the snow-wrapped upper end of all North America. It cuts a tiny trail, and here and there lesser black dots move off from it to cut still slenderer threads, zig-zagging to the side factories and lesser posts; but we may be sure that if human eyes could see so far, all those of the white men in all that vast, tangled system of trading centres would be watching the little caravan, until at last each pair fell upon the expected missives from the throbbing world this side of the border."

A couple of chapters are devoted to Canada's El Dorado, as he calls British Columbia, and the exploiting of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Of British Columbia he says: "It is as extensive as New England, the Middle States and Maryland and Georgia, leaving out Delaware. It is larger than Texas, Colorado, Massachusetts and New Hampshire together. For years it was an empire with only one waggon road. There is now an opulent civilization in what was once called the great American desert, and a flourishing settlement where the school-books located a zone of perpetual snow." The resources of the field, the forest and the mine, the deep sea and inshore fisheries of British Columbia are the elements of scarce to be estimated national wealth.

Our author gives a graphic account of the wild life of the path-finders of empire, who constructed the Canadian Pacific Railway. Among these

he recognized Greeks, Finns, Hungarians, Danes, Scotch, English, Irish and Italians. Out of 8,500 men employed in one big job, from 1,500 to 2,000 knocked off every month. Ninety per cent. of these came back. They had just been away for an old-fashioned drunk. Some of these men had been "bank clerks, doctors and teachers, everything except preachers." "I never knew a preacher," says the contractor, "to get into a railway gang. The woods is full of men out of a job, and out of everything—pockets, elbows and all. They come in with no more clothing than will wad a gun." The contractor collects the men's money and puts it in a bank or sends it to their families. "It does them as much good to let me take it as to chuck it over a gin-mill bar," he says. The difficulties in making a way for the railway through the wilderness were extreme. As many as 280 kegs of powder and 500 pounds of dynamite have been used in a single blast.

The loneliness of dog-team travel and of hunter and trapper life, the perils of Indian Rapids and the toils of the portage, privation of cold in night-camps in the snow with the thermometer at forty below zero, and other aspects of wild life on the frontier are vividly set forth.

The People's Cyclopedia of Universal Knowledge. Supplementary volume. Quarto, pp. 892. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

In these days of the expansion and specialization of knowledge, a good cyclopedia is more than ever a necessity. Scarcely a day passes that one does not note something in his reading on which he wishes to obtain more definite information. We have been in the habit for years of consulting the three previous volumes of the People's Cyclopedia, and although having other and much more extensive cyclopedias, we have found it of exceeding service. It has often saved much time and search by giving in condensed form the very information wanted.

The success of the People's Cyclopedia has been very remarkable. In ten years it has passed through twenty-one editions of five thousand sets each, a total of about three hundred thousand quarto volumes —a record of success unparalleled, we believe, by any other work of the kind.

So rapid is the growth of human knowledge and progress in invention, so many are the new achievements in the arts and sciences and new discoveries and explorations, and the enlarged number of notable men and important events, that any cyclopedia in ten years becomes almost out of date.

Determined to be up to date, the publishers of the People's Cyclopedia have revised it from time to time, making copious additions, and it is issued now in four quarto volumes. For the benefit of persons having the three previous volumes, the substance of these additions, with much new matter, has been collected in this goodly volume of uniform style and size with those previously issued. This supplementary volume is an encyclopedia in itself. It contains four thousand distinct articles illustrated with eight hundred engravings, and with over one hundred maps and diagrams. Advantage has been taken of the recently issued census of the United States and Canada to give the latest statistical information concerning these countries. In modern science, a condensed account of its recent progress and development is given under such titles as Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, Clouds, Natural Gas, Earthquakes, Electricity, Geology, Lymph, Meteors and Comets, The Moon, Ocean Currents, The Phonograph, The Weather Bureaus, Zoology. Progress in Medical Science is treated under such titles as Bacteria, Consumption, Koch's Remedy, etc. Political and Social Economy also receive succinct treatment under the heading of Arbitration, Capital Punishment, Copyright, Divorce, Homestead Laws, Loan Associations, Music and Musicians, Ordinance, Prohibition, Protection and Free Trade, Trusts; Cotton, Woollen, Iron, Sugar, and other manufactures, etc.

The department of Geographical Discovery is treated under the titles, Africa, Stanley, Afghanistan, Soudan, Alaska, Samoa, Palestine, etc.

But the mere enumeration of titles means very little unless the treatment be high-class. Of course, the treatment is highly condensed to suit the needs of busy people. The Encyclopedia Britannica gives an elaborate treatise where this gives in concise form condensed information. The editorial staff and corps of one hundred special contributors are a guarantee of the fidelity and ability with which the articles have been prepared. In this corps occur such well-known names as Professor Packard, of Brown University, Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Dudley Buck, Dr. Ridpath, Dr. Cuyler, Captain Eads, U. S. N., Bishop Fowler, Dr. Haygood, Bishop Hurst, the late President Nelles, the late Professor Summers, Professor William Wells, the late Professor Winchell, and many others. Special topics have been assigned to experts in these different departments.

Many subjects cannot be intelligibly described without pictorial illustration. The publishers have incurred great cost in this respect. The eight hundred engravings are of superior merit. More costly still are the numerous coloured maps.

The subject of Electricity and its applications, for instance, is treated in a thirteen-column article, with twenty-four illustrations. The article on Canada is supplied with three excellent double-page coloured maps, besides coloured maps of Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, with descriptive articles.

The well-known Canadian *litterateur*, Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of the Marine Department, Ottawa, treats these subjects.

There are also a valuable series of appendices containing a glossary of foreign words and musical terms and the like; and a valuable miscellany of facts and hints entitled, "What to do and how to do it," concerning home and health, manners and morals, farm and garden, and the like. From this partial enumeration, the scope and character of this book may be understood.

We congratulate the Methodist Publishing House, of New York, on its costly enterprise, and the well-deserved success which has attended it. This is not like many American books, a narrow and jingoistic production, but one of broad and comprehensive character, designed for the English-speaking race on both halves of the continent, and in both sides of the sea.

The Business of Travel: A Fifty Years' Record of Progress. By W. Fraser Rae. Pp. 318. London: Thos. Cook & Son. Price $2.00.

A few months since a grand banquet was given by the house of Thos. Cook and Son, tourist agents, in the hotel Metropole, London. The Duke of Cambridge and other titled and noble guests honoured the occasion with their presence. Mr. Gladstone and General Wolseley, unable to be present, sent their hearty greetings. The story of progress thus celebrated and recorded in detail in this book is unparalleled. In 1841 the first excursion of Thos. Cook, sen., was eleven and a half miles, at a shilling a head. In 1891, their routes girdled the globe, with over 30,000 series of tickets, giving facilities for 1,823,959 miles of railway, ocean and rivers. During 1890, they issued over 3,000,000 tickets, and had in stock at the close of the year nearly 5,000,000 tickets; 169 offices and agencies, 1,714 salaried members, 978 other employees, with a staff of 2,692. In 1890, they returned to purchasers over $200,000 for tickets for various causes unused, being the full value of those tickets, without retaining a farthing of the commission to which they were entitled by the conditions of their sale.

The story of the growth of this great house reads like a romance. During the British occupation of Egypt, on the revolt of Arabi Pasha, the Cooks patriotically undertook to transport men, munitions and stores on the Nile for the bare cost of so doing, and fulfilled the conditions to the utmost satisfaction of the British Government. They had at one time over fifty steamers carrying coal from Newcastle to Alexandria. In

Palestine and Syria, they have tents and camp equipments sufficient for 1,000 persons at one time, and often have from 700 to 1,000 animals engaged at once.

Mr. Gladstone, among the characteristics of the Victorian era, specifically mentions the facilities for travel secured by this great tourist agency. If, as Bacon says, travel is a part of education, this firm has been one of the greatest educators of the century. They have, as it were, caused a notable shrinkage in the dimensions of the globe, brought far-off places near, and made it possible to visit with safety and comfort almost every part of the world.

The Life and Times of Cotton Mather, D.D., F.R.S.; or, a Boston Minister of Two Centuries Ago. 1663–1728. By Rev. Abijah P. Marvin. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Publishing House. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 382. Price $4.20.

This book is a graphic portraiture of an old-time Puritan preacher. His biographer has faithfully depicted him in his strength and in his weakness. Cotton Mather was unquestionably the foremost man of his time in America; a preacher of remarkable eloquence, a man of profound and varied learning, a writer of marked ability and of indefatigable industry. He made most copious use of the press when printing was, in America, a costly and difficult process. For nearly half a century he sent forth sermons, tracts, addresses of cyclopedic comprehensiveness and variety at the rate of from five hundred to a thousand pages a year. His "Magnalia Christi," or Church history of New England, was a huge tone of over 1,600 pages the size of this magazine, and his "Biblia Americana," or Commentary on the Scriptures, was nearly five times as large. For about twoscore years he preached to the same congregation. One cannot but be struck, when reading his journal, with the deep and earnest piety of the man, his living ever in the great Task-master's eye, his frequent exercises of self-examination and thanksgiving and prayer and intercessions, all tabulated under a score or more of heads. He reminds one much of the methodical character and deep and earnest piety of John Wesley.

The book gives a vivid conception of that old Puritan life with its fast days and sober festivals, its long prayers and longer sermons, an hour of the former and two of the latter, its deep domestic affections, its sombre shadows in the background of war, Indian raids and pestilence and the darker shadows of witchcraft and superstition. Our author successfully defends the memory of Dr. Mather from the severer aspects of witchcraft persecution, but does not entirely exculpate him from a superstition which he shared with such men as Judge Hale, Richard Baxter, and John Wesley. We purpose making this old-time Puritan the subject of a character sketch, either from our own or that of some more competent pen.

Alaskana, or Alaska in Descriptive and Legendary Poems. By Prof. Bushrod W. James, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 368.

This dainty, full-gilt volume is a a sumptuously printed poem on the legends, traditions, folk-lore, customs and scenery of that marvellous country, Alaska. The author has adopted the weird, rhymeless style of the Finnish epic, "Kalevala," and of the Indian Edda, "Hiawatha," as appropriate to his poem. Many of the legends and traditions are of remarkable beauty and pathos. The poem on "The Silent City," with its crystal walls and splintered pinnacles of ice, is very impressive. The effects of mirage, aurora, sunset and moonrise, are reproduced with admirable skill. A number of exquisite reproductions of photographs of the sombre fjords, the glaciers, and gigantic forests of that wild Northland, and others of its people, their habitations, their totems, and the like, add interest to the book.

NUBIAN EUNUCH, CONSTANTINOPLE.